

**WHEAT PRICE  
WILL REMAIN  
FOR 5 YEARS**

**Turkish Army Defeated  
South of the Dead Sea;  
Ottoman Chief Taken**

Arabs Were Commanded by the Sheik of Mecca—Turkish Dead Exceeded 400—Many Prisoners and Much Booty—On the West Front French Repulse Hun Raiders With Heavy Losses—American Artillery and Infantry Clean Out Snipers.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—Arab forces have inflicted a severe defeat on a Turkish army south of the Dead Sea, official dispatches say. The Arabs were commanded by the Sheik of Mecca. Hundreds of prisoners, including the Turkish commander-in-chief, were captured, and much booty taken.

PARIS, Feb. 8.—The war office hours later. They walked across No man's Land picking their way care-

"North of the Caemin des Dames and in the Woerve region near Filirey we repulsed raids by the enemy against

small posts, inflicting heavy losses upon the assailants. There were quite spirited bombardments during the day on the right bank of the Meuse and at various points in the Vosges.

discovered a mine, loaded and pointed in the direction of the American trenches. There was not a German around.

to the American lines. It is a typical German weapon, made in Berlin and in good condition.

infantry have succeeded in clearing out a majority of the snipers who caused considerable annoyance from the time the sector was taken over by the troops. Snipers posted in buildings were also eliminated. Infantry actions were considerably interfered with by the unfavorable weather. Between the Brenta and the Piave, our small calibre guns made effective concentrations of fire against

ings have been destroyed by knocking down the shelters over the heads of the Germans with shells. Snipers hidden in bushes or in shell holes have also been routed out.

Last night a small patrol entered an advanced German trench containing a series of snipers' nests. A lieutenant, a corporal and two men left

## THOUSANDS OF DOZENS OF EGGS

## LOST IN MONTREAL BY SPOILING

## STOCKS EXCESSIVE ON FEB. 1

OTTAWA, Feb. 8.—W. F. O'Connor, cost of living commissioner, issued to-night a report dealing with the quantities of eggs in storage on February 1. The United States city, with which the city of Montreal is most nearly comparable, he says, is Chicago. Storage egg prices in Chicago have

He reiterated his opinion expressed in an earlier report that "even existing prices are unjustifiable."

"He maintains that 'the payment of an unjustifiable price by purchasers

intending to re-sell is not justification for the demand of an unjustifiable re-selling price."\*

The present report deals particularly with the question of the transfer of the Chicago into Montreal would be about six cents.

"Several Montreal operators have practically no eggs on hand, several others have about the same amount of

with Montreal, indicates that during the month of January 9,933 dozens of eggs were lost in that city through spoiling. On February 1, Mr. O'Connor declares, Montreal egg operators held

more than double the quantity of eggs on hand February 1, 1917.

Eggs certainly are scarcer at this season of the year than at the season of *swarm* test production, but he maintains that the bees will have twice as many, one has five times as many, and another 15 times as many. As a result, they have more than twice as many altogether."

SEAGER WHEELER RECOVERING FROM THE ATTACK OF THE ROSTERHORN. Suck., Feb. 8.—Seager Wheeler, the champion wheat grower, who is suffering from a severe attack of roosterhorns, is reported as having recovered from the attack.

five cents or more per dozen higher than at the same period of last year.

## Last Minute News Flashes

### NUMBER OF DRAFTEES SENT TO ENGLAND

OTTAWA, Feb. 8.—An official announcement from the chief press censor says that a draft from the First depot battalion, First central Ontario

regiment, Toronto, as arrived safely in England. At the militia department this morning it was said that, though this draft was probably not made up solely of men secured under the Military Service act, it was certain that a number of the men composing it were draftees. These men will have to undergo a course of training in England.

### GRAIN TRADE IN BUENOS AYRES PARALYSED

**LATEST FIGURES GIVE 166 MISSING FROM TUSCANY**

LONDON, Feb. 8.—The British admiralty tonight informed the Associated Press that the latest figures available on the Tuscania disaster showed that 2,235 persons had been saved and that about 166 were missing. The saved, it was added, included 114 American officers and 1,917 Ameri-

The bodies of 126 American troops have been recovered. Of the 143 survivors landed on the Scottish coast, 134 belonged to the United States army, including seven officers. Of these one officer and 25 men are remaining in hospital, and they are expected to be able to attend to the funeral arrangements for the American dead.

**CANADA'S GROSS DEBT OVER A BILLION**

that Canada's total gross debt on Jan. 31 was \$1,994,563,746.33, as compared with a total gross debt of \$1,226,135,543.33 on Jan. 31, 1917. Total assets amounted on Jan. 31 to \$977,934,339.05, leaving on that date a total net debt of \$997,529,207.28. Between Dec. 31, 1917, and Jan. 31, 1918, the net debt

War expenditure during January amounted to \$16,606,176, or a total during the ten months' period of \$188,352,915.

**ENGLAND HAS 3,000,000 IN THE FIELD**

WINNIPEG, Feb. 8.—The Winnipeg Free Press publishes the following London special: "England, accepting men of 19 to 41, inclusive, has 3,000,000 soldiers in the field. Germany, accepting men of 18 to 45 inclusive, has 5,500,000. Germany's permanent disablements are said to be 3,500,000, or at

## ASK SANCTION OF MARRIAGE WITH CHINESE

petition is made on behalf of the girl, who is 18 years old. The Chinese, aged 34, is a clerk in a local Chinese store. The girl's mother lives in Seattle. The petition recites that the girl and the Chinese have been living together as husband and wife since March, 1917, except for a short time during which she was with her mother. It is said that the couple have been anxious to

The girl visited her mother. It is said that the couple have been anxious to marry for some time, but that the girl's mother refuses her permission.

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EDMONTON, ALBERTA SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1918.

# MUNICIPALITIES WILL GIVE PREFERENCE TO RETURNED MEN IN FILLING ALL POSITIONS

## Resolution to Exempt Soldiers from Taxes, Old and New, Falls Hourly in Convention—Legislature Makes Laws to Aid Men Leaving Dangerous Fences—Power Asked to Organize and Construct Rural Lines.

The hourly singing of the National anthem, followed by the anthem for the soldiers overseas, resounded through the first Baptist church at a conclusion of the ninth annual convention of the Alberta association of local improvement districts and municipal improvement districts, which was held at the Baptist church at 10 o'clock this morning.

The tribute to the fallen overseas, came involuntarily from the assembly of municipal men after the honor to the King.

In further practical honor to the men who have returned from the war, the following resolution was passed unanimously:

"That it is the sense of the convention that wherever possible returned soldiers should be employed by the municipalities in the different positions of the city and town, and that, other things being equal, that preference be given them."

No Tax Exemption  
The resolution that returned soldiers should be exempt from all taxes till one year after the war, and that all taxes due during that period be reimbursed from the municipal treasury, was also passed.

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# Bonspiel Secretary SAYS SERVICE IS HIS CHIEF AIM

## Makes Address at First Supper and Meeting of Associate Board of Trade

"If you want to make the best and most of yourself, even if you regard the matter from the point of view of the standpoint of your own individual good alone, then it will be found in a life of sacrifice and service to the community in which you live and in which you hope to build up your business."

Dr. McQueen to the members attending the first supper and meeting of the Associate Board of Trade, held at the Cecil Hotel, last night.

Some preliminary meetings have been held of the committee appointed to look after the matter of the registration of business men, and the gathering of last night was the commencement of the regular routine of proceedings which it is expected will be continued in the future.

JOHN RAN, the secretary-treasurer whose work has done much to make the business of the city a great success, was the speaker at the meeting, which was held at the Cecil Hotel, last night.

The supper commenced at 8:30, and by that time the company assembled numbered between 80 and 90. G. G. McQueen presided.

Dr. McQueen presided at the supper and the speaker of the evening and in his address he pointed out to the company the importance of the work of the board.

The speaker commended to his hearers the view of the world which they should have, and that they should be able to work their way through the world.

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# Noted French Editor

## Francis Veillat, coming to lecture here

Francis Veillat, editor of "L'Unité," will arrive in the city on Monday morning, and will be the guest of Archbishop McQuinn.

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# CITY'S IMMEDIATE NEED FOR FINANCES ADJUSTED

## SAYS MAYOR AFTER TRIP

"Our immediate financial needs have been arranged for," said Mayor Evans in commenting on the results of his trip east.

What we shall be able to do in regard to the matters later on in the year will depend to a great extent upon the time and nature of the Canadian and American war.

The problem of making both ends meet in respect to current revenue and expenditures," went on the Mayor, "is claiming the attention of all the cities on the continent."

In Ottawa, in addition to arranging matters of finance, the Mayor said that he was able to adjust a few affairs concerning the city with the Department of Justice, details of which would be given out as soon as they were received by the city.

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# Jewell Filtration Company, a firm which has a claim of some \$30,000 against the city for alleged breach of contract in regard to the new filtration works contemplated in 1914, and on which some work was carried out.

## What Can Be Done With Later Maturities Depends on the Nature of National War

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**MR. BONSPIEL**  
Without doubt you have had a good time at the "spiel," and now it is time to "spiel" something home to the folks.  
Pay our store a visit. You have a good selection of goods from  
**VICTORIAN  
KODAKS  
FOUNTAIN PENS  
BOOKS  
STATIONERY  
AND  
FANCY LEATHER GOODS**

**Douglas Co. Ltd.**  
10002 Jasper Ave.  
**ATTENTION!**  
Regardless of having to pay cash advance for everything I get in this town I still manage to eat.  
**MR. FARMER**  
Why buy your lumber from local dealers when you can buy it from me? Lumber subject to inspection, delivered to your door for 10 per cent less.  
**KEY CORDS DO IT.**  
I am now prepared to look after your plumbing, heating, painting and writing. I have a large stock of new samples and catalogues awaiting the Canadian General Co. Ltd. manufacture.  
**GEO. R. DICKIE**  
CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER  
Phone M. 4. T. P. Box 134  
SEDEGWICK & IRMA, ALTA.

**AMBUANCE CORPS CLASS AT ARMOURY**  
The Ambulance Corps of the Edmonton Battalion, which has moved with the battalion into the new quarters at the Armoury, will be held at the Armoury on Friday at 8 o'clock.

**HOADLEY CHOSEN SESSIONAL LEADER**  
At a meeting on Friday evening of the Conservative members of the Edmonton City Council, George Hoadley, member for the 1st ward, was chosen sessional leader of the opposition.

**BANK CLERKS WANTED**  
men with not less than two years' experience in a bank. Applications from those now employed in banks will be considered. Apply by letter to Box No. 339, Edmonton, stating age, name of bank with which previously employed and term of service, present occupation, medical category, if in class one of Military Service Act, salary expected, whether willing to serve in any part of Canada.

**ANDREWS BROS.**  
Who formerly carried on the Undertaking Business for 8 years, have re-opened their same parlors at 10556 7th Street, which have recently been occupied by McQuinn's Undertaking Co. We have the same full equipment as before, and will give the public our very best service and attention.  
**ANDREWS BROS.**  
PHONE 1659  
10556 7th Street (Nelson Avenue)

**BOILEAU**  
Room 211, C.P.R. Bldg.

**NOTICE TO MEN**  
A meeting of all the returned soldiers of the 4th battalion will be held at the 4th battalion club on Saturday at 8 o'clock.

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**The Hudson's Bay Company.**

[illegible]

**Boys' Sweaters**  
Boys' wool coat sweaters in navy blue and brown shades. Sizes 22 to 28. Regular \$2.50. On sale **\$1.59**

**Boys' Boots**

Boys' dog skin, raised mules; Rug, \$125 pair, Saturday for... **79c**

**Boys' Knickers**

Boys' heavy towed knickers; Rug, \$20 pair, Saturday for... **\$1.98**

**Men's Boot Sale**

Here, men, is your opportunity to purchase your spring boots at a big saving.

Every man is up to the minute in style, fit and workmanship.

SAMPLE BOOTS, in sizes 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 7, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ , in leathers of black kid, brown leather, etc., ready for per sale.

These are rugs that will serve you splendidly. They wear well and are easy to care for. Boys' dog skin, raised mules; Rug, \$125 pair, Saturday for... \$1.98

The patterns are very good, being mostly cut by size 40 to the 46.

Size 40"x16". FEBRUARY SALE ..... **\$ .975**

Size 42"x16". FEBRUARY SALE ..... **\$1.180**

Size 44"x16". FEBRUARY SALE ..... **\$1.580**

Size 46"x16". FEBRUARY SALE ..... **\$1.580**

Size 48"x16". FEBRUARY SALE ..... **\$1.580**

Size 50"x16". FEBRUARY SALE ..... **\$1.580**

Size 52"x16". FEBRUARY SALE ..... **\$3.850**

**Oream Madras Mullin**

A real good quality of Madras curtaining and all inches wide. It has no dressing whatever and will make lovely light hanging curtains for your windows. Ready for per sale.

**Crestones Are Selling For Less**

Handle a use you can think of what you can find a crestone that is

also fine black cat skin. . . . .  
We will also include in our regular stock a full range of sizes from 6 1/4 to 10 1/4; in fine black cat skin, in button or lace styles. All have Goodyear welted, flexible

**Curlers' Beefsteak Luncheon**  
Saturday Noon at Hudson's Bay  
We will serve a special CURLERS' BEEFSTEAK LUNCHEON in our Cafeteria from 11:30 to 2:30 on Saturday, Fourth Floor. Self-servicing, rapid service. A real beefsteak dinner at a low price. Express elevator to the Cafeteria.

**BUY A MUFF ON SATURDAY**

**Street Boots**

In all black kid skin, with extra high cut lace or button hole top, welted flexible leather sole, and French made springs. These boots are available in men's, women's and children's sizes.

**\$79.98**

**SABLE FUR MUFFS:** handsome dark fur; gray velvet lined; barrel shape; regularly from \$27.50 to \$35.95, clearing  
Saturday, special

**\$19.95**

**Ladies' Quality Rubbers:** all ladies' first rubber boots; all sizes to fit any shoe; sizes 6 1/2 to 8 1/2. Extra special per pair

**\$9.95**

**China Specials**

1000 White cups and saucers, dinner service, heavy china, 100% bone china, personal sale Saturday,  
1000 ODD RADIATORS; heavy radiator covers, 100% steel, 100% brass, 100% chrome, 100% stainless steel, 100% aluminum, 100% copper, 100% zinc, 100% nickel, 100% silver, 100% gold, 100% platinum, 100% titanium, 100% carbon fiber, 100% Kevlar, 100% Nomex, 100% Teflon, 100% Lexan, 100% Lucite, 100% Plexiglas, 100% Perspex, 100% Styrofoam, 100% Urethane, 100% Polyurethane, 100% Polycarbonate, 100% Acrylic, 100% PVC, 100% PE, 100% PP, 100% PS, 100% PMMA, 100% PC, 100% PA, 100% PET, 100% PBT, 100% PPS, 100% PI, 100% PVDF, 100% PVF2, 100% PVDFE, 100% PVDFH, 100% PVDFI, 100% PVDFJ, 100% PVDFK, 100% PVDFL, 100% PVDFM, 100% PVDFN, 100% PVDFS, 100% PVDFV, 100% PVDFW, 100% PVDFX, 100% PVDFY, 100% PVDFZ, 100% PVDFAA, 100% PVDFAB, 100% PVDFAC, 100% PVDFAD, 100% PVDFAE, 100% PVDFAF, 100% PVDFAG, 100% PVDFAH, 100% PVDFAI, 100% PVDFAJ, 100% PVDFAK, 100% PVDFAL, 100% PVDFAM, 100% PVDFAN, 100% PVDFAO, 100% PVDFAP, 100% PVDFAQ, 100% PVDFAR, 100% PVDFAS, 100% PVDFAT, 100% PVDFAU, 100% PVDFAV, 100% PVDFAW, 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**'IMPERIAL' SEWING MACHINES** News From the Hardware  
 These beautifully finished sewing machines are well made and include Dept.—3rd Floor  
 TRIANGLE OIL, MOP, with one

[illegible]

Pop! 14c	excellent wearing and washing quality;	33c
Rainbow game; suitable for 2, 3 or 4	56 inches wide.	
players. An excellent education combined	Per yard .....	
with play.	STRIPED LINO TOWELS, finished	
Reg. 50c for	soft; size 13x26 inches;	59c
	min.	

### Bag Frames

Heavy metal bag frames; in gilt, gold metal and oxidized; art. with fancy colored stones; personal sale Saturday. Reg. \$150 for ..... **98c**

<h2 style="margin: 0;">Jap Silk and Lingerie Waists</h2> <p>Come and see the new Jap silk and Lingerie waists Saturday.</p> <p><b>LINGERIE WAISTS:</b> Bloused with tucks; high or low neck, long sleeves. \$1.00</p> <p><b>LINGERIE WAISTS</b> are finished with lace, ribbon, ruffles and large collars, edged with fine ribbons. All sizes available to choose from. All sizes Saturday. <b>\$1.95</b></p>	<h2 style="margin: 0;">French Lace</h2> <p>SUNDRAIL SILK STRIPED VOILES: a dainty creation for waists and baby dresses. From the Japanese dress and lingerie. 2 1/2 yds. wide, pink blue, red, beige, navy, black, pale green, gray, tan, etc. Each yard includes waist. <b>\$1.00</b></p> <p>PUR TARDY: NEW SPRING PRINTS in a large range of pretty patterns; chosen from light, modern and dark grounds. All sizes. Each yard includes waist. <b>22¢</b></p> <p>WHITE DINT BROADHEADS made from soft white lawn, light, strong and durable. <b>\$2.95</b></p> <p>also Tulle, each <b>\$2.95</b></p>
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## Nomination Blank

GOOD FOR 5,000 VOTES. NOMINATE  
YOURSELF OR A FRIEND

PRIZE CONTEST DEPARTMENT OF  
THE EDMONTON BULLETIN,  
9975 Jasper Avenue.

Gentlemen,—I hereby nominate as a candidate in your  
Automobile Prize Contest:

Name .....

Address .....

Nominated by .....

Address .....

NOTE—Only one nomination blank will be accepted for  
any one candidate.

### First Published List of Competitors in The Bulletin's \$8000 Prize Contest

Mr. V. Adams, 10508 105th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. A. E. Austin, Mannville, Alta.	5,000
<b>B</b>	
Mrs. D. O'Brien, 9746 11th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. Emily Brecher, Spence Grove Centre	5,000
Mr. Paul Bauer, Mundare, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Frank Bester, Highway Centre, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Jacob Brest, Spence Grove, Alta.	5,000
Miss Alice Brown, Tomahawk, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. Boney, Yeadon, Alta.	5,000
Miss Mary Bell, Nampa, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. Geo. Beart, Suite 11, Foreman Court, Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. D. Boyaner, 10236 119th St., Edmonton	5,000
<b>C</b>	
Mr. Joe Christian, Vegreville, Alta.	5,000
Miss O. Chandler, Vegreville, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. Calmeyer, St. Albert, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. Roy S. Cook, 8540 82nd St., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. Clara Combs, Rocky Rapids, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Jacob Clifton, Verren, Alta.	5,000
Mr. I. J. Carmichael, Holden, Alta.	5,000
<b>D</b>	
Mrs. Lillie Deddens, 11115 101st St., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. G. H. Davis, 311 Gibson Block, Edmonton	5,000
Mr. Mike Dushenko, Golden Spike, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Chas. Ekins, 8054 108th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. Chas. Dobson, c/o Car Barns, Edmonton	5,000
<b>E</b>	
Miss Christie Earl, 11652 86th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. Roy Edgar, 10810 95th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. Robt. English, 12510 108th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. E. Ede, Gleueville, Alta.	5,000
<b>F</b>	
Miss Esther Falkenburg, 9551 Cameron Ave., City	5,000
Mr. Alex. Farquharson, Bayland, Alta.	5,000
Mr. A. M. Fraser, Sessmith, Alta.	5,000
<b>G</b>	
Mr. Arthur Garbo, Ardrossan, Alta.	5,000
Mr. H. G. Gaudin, Vegreville, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Kenneth Gibbs, Kildam, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Leslie Geyler, Bayland, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Mike Galsky, Spirit River, Alta.	5,000
<b>H</b>	
Miss Hamilton, Burtonville, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Sydney Hancock, 10617 107th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. Walter Hutton, 11119 97th Ave., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. W. G. Hornbush, Leatham, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Alexander Hawkins, 11817 76th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. Robert Hooley, Edmonton	5,000
<b>J</b>	
Mr. Walter Jessup, Lamont, Alta.	5,000
<b>K</b>	
Mr. Wm. Kelly, Stony Plain, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Wm. Kotsinen, Thorhild, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. G. F. Kristensen, 11516 96th St., Edmonton	5,000
<b>L</b>	
Mr. A. H. Eversidge, Wetaskiwin, Alta.	5,000
<b>M</b>	
Mr. John McNeil, Twin City Transfer, Edmonton	5,000
Mr. Edna Mae, 9611 107th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. Merrill Mitchell, Aurora Vista Apts., City	5,000
Mr. George Mearns, 8535 109th Ave., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. W. May, c/o Schaefer, Edmonton	5,000
Mr. E. McNeil, c/o Schaefer, Edmonton	5,000
Miss Emma Miller, 10847 84th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. A. C. MacGillivray, 10847 84th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. J. A. McCreary, 1208 126th St., Edmonton	5,000
Miss Jessie McCormack, 14151 Jasper Ave., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. J. McNeil, 1208 126th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. R. O. McKay, Leduc, Alta.	5,000
Miss Helen McKinnon, Leduc, Alta.	5,000
Miss Minnie McKinnon, Red Deer, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Alexander McMillan, 9115 98th St., Edmonton	5,000
<b>N</b>	
Mrs. B. E. Noble, Maryland Hotel, Edmonton	5,000
Mr. John Y. Nicol, Maidstone, Sask.	5,000
<b>O</b>	
Mr. Cecil Orrison, 10248 119th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. Nap. Purrier, St. Albert, Alta.	5,000
Miss C. Paulin, Stony Plain, Alta.	5,000
Miss Helen Paton, 11652 97th St., Edmonton	5,000
<b>P</b>	
Mrs. M. Hagovsky, 8551 105A Ave., Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. B. Reed, C.P.R. Block, Edmonton	5,000
Mr. C. A. Rogers, Vegreville, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. T. Ross, Rene Lemarchand, Edmonton	5,000
<b>S</b>	
Mr. A. G. Schuler, "The Smoke Shop", Jasper, City	5,000
Mr. Herman Seigel, Mundare, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Norman Steele, 915 107th St., Edmonton	5,000
Miss Ruth Stone, Yeadon, Alta.	5,000
Mr. H. S. Sullivan, 111A Ave., Edmonton	5,000
Miss Florence Stuart, 10517 84th St., Edmonton	5,000
Miss L. T. Sutherland, Vegreville, Alta.	5,000
Miss Annie Sundberg, Alta., Alta.	5,000
Mr. Albert Sundberg, Vegreville, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Douglas R. Sutherland, Canora, Alta.	5,000
Mr. F. S. Sullivan, Leduc, Alta.	5,000
Mr. F. S. Sullivan, Brudenell, Alta.	5,000
<b>T</b>	
Mr. Frank Thompson, Mannville, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. J. J. Thorley, Tofield, Alta.	5,000
Mr. J. Thomas, Leduc, Alta.	5,000
Mr. E. G. Tourin, 8540 108th Ave., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. Clarence Tynick, Viking, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Jas. N. Todd, 1024 119th Ave., Edmonton	5,000
Miss Esther Valkenburg, Mulsart, Alta.	5,000
Mr. V. V. Van der, Alta.	5,000
<b>W</b>	
Mrs. Garvey Walker, 2638 107A Ave., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. W. Wallace, Tomahawk, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Lloyd Werner, 11023 84th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. Robt. Wright, Mike's Clear store, Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. W. J. Wilson, R.R. No. 2, Wetaskiwin, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Chas. Wentworth, c/o Car Barns, Edmonton	5,000
Mr. Chas. Wrenn, Leduc, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Harold Wilson, Canmore, Alta.	5,000
<b>Y</b>	
Mr. Thos. Young, 6401 118th Ave., Edmonton	5,000



## \$8,000 in Prizes Free

# MAKE THIS \$2000 CAR YOURS

# IT IS FREE! SO ARE TWO OTHERS

### FIRST GRAND PRIZE

### \$2000



McLaughlin E-45-6 Cylinder "Special-Special"—Now on exhibition at the McLaughlin Show Rooms, 104th Street, Edmonton. This costly touring car will be given to the candidate securing the greatest number of votes irrespective of districts. The winner of this grand prize will be given \$300 in cash to be donated to some patriotic organization in his or her district.

Anyone may enter this contest, men, women and children over 16 years of age. You do not need to be a subscriber to *The Bulletin* to enter.

### Second Grand Prize

### \$1215 Overland Touring Car



Now on exhibition at E. C. May & Co. Show Rooms, Jasper Avenue, Edmonton.

### Some of the Prizes:

\$2000 E-45 Special-Special McLaughlin Touring Car.

\$1215 Model 90 Overland 5 Passenger Touring Car.

\$1200 McLaughlin 5 Passenger Touring Car.

2 \$135 Bedroom Sets, Nine Pieces.

2 \$135 Dining Room Sets.

2 \$400 Ennis & Co. Sweet Toned Pianos.

\$300 For Patriotic Purposes.

6 \$77 White Rotary Sewing Machines.

2 \$110 Starr Phonographs.

Cabinets of Silver, Kodaks and Other Prizes.

Watch The Bulletin for full List of Prizes  
— and where they are on exhibition. —

### Third Grand Prize

### \$1200 McLaughlin Five-Passenger Touring Car

Now On Exhibition at the McLaughlin  
Show Rooms, Jasper Ave.

CUT OUT NEATLY

The Bulletin's Big Automobile  
Prize Contest

### Good for 100 Votes

FOR .....  
ADDRESS .....

This Coupon, when neatly cut out and brought or  
mailed to the Contest Department of The Bulletin, will  
count for the person whose name is written thereon.

Address all communications to the Prize Contest Department of The Edmonton Bulletin  
9975 Jasper Avenue, Edmonton :: Local and Long Distance Phone 2262







# CAMBRAI OFFENSIVE---Scenes On The Eastern Front



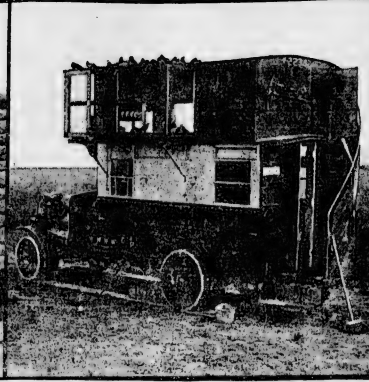
On the Palestine Front.—Devons in front line dug-outs.  
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



On the Cambrai Front.—A blown up bridge over the Canal du Nord.  
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



In the Egyptian Area.—Field dressing station on the Gaza front.  
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



A motor pigeon loft in France.  
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



The British Tank in action on Cambrai.  
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.

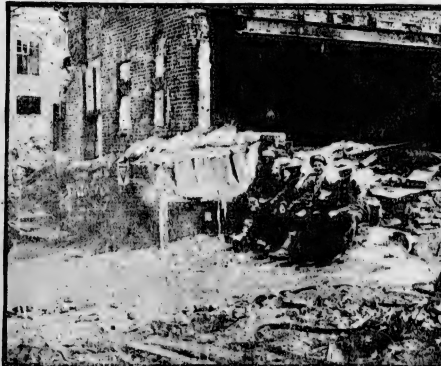
## VARIOUS PHASES OF THE WAR—A Y.M.C.A. HOUSE



On the British Western Front.—Batches of prisoners being marched in.  
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



House on the Flanders Front.—A well concealed dressing station.  
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



Entrance to a Y. M. C. A. house.  
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



The King of the Belgians in his headquarters.  
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



Y. M. C. A. quarters in France subject to daily shell fire.  
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



# Automobile Edition

The open season for Autos starts pretty soon now. No matter what machine a fellow owns he's always looking for something a little better: for a classy car is like a good horse, admired by everyone. No better chance will be presented to see new models, and get an early order filled than right now, before the spring rush begins. Edmonton dealers are out to serve the public. Their showrooms are open to you. Take an hour between draws and save delay.



## CANADA HAS BOUGHT MANY AUTOMOBILES

Country Ranks Third Greatest Car Owner of the World, Having 150,000

The prosperity of Canada, particularly in the west, together with the adoption of the automobile as a necessity for efficient farming, is shown by the number of autos in the Dominion, which places her third in the list of world's largest car owners. In 1917, Canada imported approximately 27,000,000 worth of motor vehicles and

parts; in 1916, over \$9,500,000 worth; and in 1917, nearly \$12,000,000. A conservative estimate places the number of cars already owned in Canada at over 150,000. Ontario, with a population of slightly over 2,000,000, is using 15,000, or one to every 23 of a population. The same ratio obtains in Toronto, one car to every twenty or eight families.

Canada has one automobile for every 37 people; 7,246 passenger automobiles, valued at \$4,712,431, were imported into Canada during the first six months of last year. All but five of these came from the United States. During the same period 137 commercial cars, valued at \$184,167, entered Canada. Imports of automobile parts were valued at \$2,184,835. It is estimated that Canada will purchase 100,000 cars this year, or an increase of 50 per cent. over pre-war buying.

The province of Ontario, which has been experimenting rather extensively with government-owned and operated farm tractors to increase production, now owns 95 farm tractors, engaged either in plowing in winter or in harrowing. The conditions under which the government tractors work for farmers are given by the Grand Trunk

in a bulletin which states that the government charges the farmer 45 cents an hour, in addition to the cost of gasoline and oil, and the board of the tractor engineer. In case of rain, the farmer continues to board the tractor operator until the work is finished for which the machine was hired from the government.

**PROPER TIME TO ADJUST CARBURATOR**

A great many car owners make the mistake of adjusting the carburetor when the engine is cold. Now it is always best to make adjustments to the motor after it has been run long enough to get thorough warming through, and this applies equally to the valve tappets, etc. It is quite probable that the cold motor may operate very well on certain adjustments that will not run at all with the hot engine.

**Increase road light by 74% with Osgood.**

## MACHINERY SAVES TIME AND MONEY

Many Remarkable Instruments Are Used in the Franklin Factory

"By the use of automatic devices in construction, the automobile industry has attained the highest development in manufacturing, and its product, the automobile, represents a product evolved through the use of specialized machinery, of the most advanced type," states local officials of the Franklin Co. Ltd.

In the Franklin automobile factory at Spruce, N.Y., where the well-known air-cooled car is made, there are many fine instruments and special machinery, which do humanly impossible things and always create extraordinary interest on the part of the factory visitors.

Take for instance the multiple drills employed in drilling crank cases. These are great time-saving devices. Until the installation of these machines, one and one-half hours were required to complete the job by single drill, while the work is now done in a minute and a half.

The one-piece cut-off method with hand shears was the old way in which the Franklin company formerly cut out material for tape, side curtains, etc. Now it is done by an electrically driven cutter, that cuts from twenty-six to one hundred pieces of material at a time, depending on the thickness.

The screw holes in the wood sill are all drilled at once and to exactly the same depth. The machine, which accurately locates all screw holes and cuts the counter-sink at a very rapid rate, is one of the most interesting in the wood shop. Second only to this is the magazine screw-driver, which drives them to a uniform depth along the whole length of the sill.

Even the location of the spring clips is regulated automatically by a nut-driver operated by compressed air. Thus it is impossible to draw up one that tighter than another, and thereby put an uneven strain on the part.

## Automobile Engine Like Human Being

The automobile engine is much like a human being in one particular, its function being to breathe. It is largely dependent on a respiratory system. In this respect, we mean that part of breathing, in as the fuel vapor and the expansion of the burned gases after combustion has taken place. The respiratory function of the engine is controlled by the valves. If the valves permit the fuel to enter the combustion chamber, the engine will perform their work properly, much of the power of the motor will also be lost. Again, it is just as important to the burned gases to escape the way after combustion. For their continued presence in the combustion chamber will contaminate the fresh fuel. Granting then the importance of the valve system, a brief study of the unit, its common faults and how they remedy them may be interesting and helpful.

**Five Types of Valve Seats.**

To begin with, here are five definite types of valve seats, the most popular type consists of a single camshaft, operating pistons, which directly control the valves. This is the type that is used on L-head engines, or far the commonest type of power plant. The next type is the valve-in-head, which means that the valves are mounted in the head of the cylinder, the operation being achieved by means of vertical rods, which are connected to the camshaft. The third type is the overhead valve, which means that the valves are mounted in the head of the cylinder, the operation being achieved by means of vertical rods, which are connected to the camshaft. The fourth type is the overhead valve, which means that the valves are mounted in the head of the cylinder, the operation being achieved by means of vertical rods, which are connected to the camshaft. The fifth type is the overhead valve, which means that the valves are mounted in the head of the cylinder, the operation being achieved by means of vertical rods, which are connected to the camshaft.

**How the System Works.**

Most car owners understand something of the way in which valves are operated, but we shall describe the operation briefly. The camshaft is geared to the crankshaft, and as it revolves the cams are brought into contact with the valve lifter, which is a cylinder bit of steel, moving up and down within a guide. As the lifter is forced upward it pushes the valve open, against the resistance of a spring. When it reaches its limit of upward movement, it is forced down, and the spring closes the valve. Obviously the position and size of the cam and other parts of the valve gear must be accurately determined to keep the valve open for just the proper length of time. Also, the valves must open at exactly the right instant in relation to the position of the piston. It will be evident that when in certain parts of the valve system will cause derangement of the entire operation of the respiratory system of the engine.

The modern tendency in engine design is to keep the entire valve mechanism exposed to a perpetual spray of oil. In some designs pipes are provided, but in others the system is located inside the crankcase, where it gets splash lubrication from the connecting rods. As a result of the tendency the wear and consequent noisy operation of the valve system, which used to be almost universal, has been largely eliminated. Nevertheless, the average car owner does not give his valve system the care, or rather neglecting, that it requires. Many owners often develop little bit failures for lack of a small oil change.

**Watch Valves for Bent Stems.**

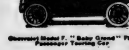
In the first place, it is necessary to find an excessive leakage of oil down the sides of the valve stems. This is usually due to wear of the valve stem or stem guides, usually due to lack of sufficient lubrication. Something may have prevented the oil from getting to the mechanism, and the result has been excessive and rapid wear. The condition may be caused by the fact that the valve is raised, because of a bent stem, a worn tappet or stem bottom. It frequently happens that the stem will be bent at the point of contact only, inducing excessive side thrust, wearing the valve stem guide. When the guides have been worn in this way it is possible to run them out and install new guides, a very annoying condition, the extent of which may be detected by shaking the tappet with the fingers after the spring tension has been removed. The methods of overhauling this slapping are almost

## The New CHEVROLET Series

### The Product of Experience



Chevrolet 400 A Model



Chevrolet 400 B Model



Chevrolet 400 C Model



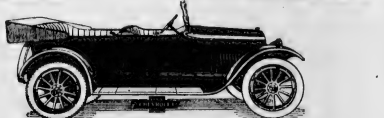
Chevrolet 400 D Model

With the different Chevrolet Models, we are in a position to take care of all requirements as to size, price, style and speed.

One quality only in all Chevrolet cars.



400 A Model, \$900.00, Edmonston



Chevrolet 400 F Model

The Chevrolet Eight Cylinder Touring Car, D. 5, \$1,950.00. Edmonston, the last word in motor car construction. It must be seen to be appreciated. "Ask us."

**CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED**  
OSHAWA, ONTARIO

WESTERN PARTS AND SERVICE BRANCHES: REGINA AND CALGARY

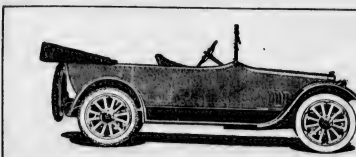
**THE NOR-WEST MOTORS LTD.**

10161 108th Street. Phone 5262.

Exclusive Chevrolet Service Station.

## DRAWN TO A TEE AND STAYING THERE

Every Curler knows that to place the rock in the inner circle is comparatively easy, but to protect that position is another matter.



McLaughlin construction and strict tests of efficiency have placed McLaughlin cars in the "T E E" of the Canadian Motor business. Well-merited reputation and absolute dependability, plus economy of operation, are maintaining that position.

We Would Be Pleased To Have You Visit Our Show Rooms

**McLaughlin Carriage Co., Limited**

10048 104TH STREET

Where We Have a Special Exhibit For Bonspiel Week



## All Your Battery Needs

Distilled water every two weeks, regular hydrometer tests, and occasional thermometer readings in hot weather or when you're running your car long distances—that's most, and the least, you can do for your battery.

Let us help you make sure of that little difference between a dead battery and a live one,

high cost of electric power and low.

Even the best battery will wear out some day. Before that time comes, let us show you the Still Better Willard with Threaded Rubber Insulation, recently put on sale after two years remarkable performance in 35,000 cars.

**The Motor Car Supply Co. Ltd.**

10623 Jasper Avenue. (Corona Hotel Block.)











## Edmonton. Phone 81351.

# THE FRANKLIN CAR

## And what it means to the Present-day Standard of Motor Car Service

**T**HAT 1917 has been the best year in Franklin history is due primarily to the efficiency of the Franklin Car.

The stress of War laid new requirements upon the country and upon individuals. Everywhere has been heard the call for efficiency. Waste is under suspicion.

Looking ahead to the coming year, it is plain that the standard for thrift will rise higher and higher. The motor car that meets this higher standard will fill a War need quite as much as the plow or grain drill. The general business of the country cannot go back to old methods, any more than can the business of farming.

Motor cars must be used but they must be **efficient motor cars**.

It is now not only a question of what this or that automobile will do, but also **how much it will cost to do it**.

It is plain that the car which does the **most** for the **least** is the car that is in tune with the times, the car that has its place in the line of **service**.

### Franklin Efficiency the Outcome of Franklin Principles

It is nothing new for the Franklin to be efficient. Thrift does not **just happen**.

Back in 1902, the days of the first Franklin, our designers were building for the day when motor car service at the least expense would be the aim.

The Franklin Car is efficient and economical because the **fundamentals** of design make it so.

It is a matter of record in the automobile industry how Franklin design has stood against **excessive weight** and **complication**--and all that these things mean in waste and power, of gasoline, of oil, abnormal tire expense, high repair cost and heavy annual depreciation.

Here are the actual scale weights of Franklin models:--

Touring Car	-	2280 lbs	Sedan	-	2610 lbs
Runabout	-	2160 lbs	Brougham	-	2575 lbs
4-Passenger Roadster	-	2280 lbs	Town Car	-	2610 lbs
Cabriolet	-	2485 lbs	Limousine	-	2620 lbs

At one stroke, the **direct air-cooled** Franklin eliminates the usual 177 heavy and complicated water-cooling parts--at least fifty pounds of water, seventy-five pounds of radiator, to say nothing of pipes, pumps, plumbing and water jackets.

Extensive use of aluminum takes an important part in this weight reduction.

The Franklin engine had **valves** in the **head** thirteen years before automobile designers in general took them up. Another way in which every ounce of "actual going" is obtained from the gasoline.

The Franklin is the easiest rolling car in America, and where there is the least frictional resistance, less power, less fuel, is required to propel the car.

Take tires. Franklin scientific light weight, with minimum **unsprung** weight, gives tires the chance to live their natural life, not to be pounded out before their time.

And the same combination of strength, lightness and flexibility makes Franklin used-car values especially high.

### Every Motorist Should Expect Proof of Motor Car Thrift

Thrift cannot be established by a volume of claims. The public is entitled to know what constitutes **bed-rock economy** for every car.

The Franklin standard of thrift is a matter of common knowledge and every day record.

Franklin Cars have won every prominent official economy test ever conducted.

Franklin Cars, in technical tests in American universities have consistently shown the highest efficiency.

Nation-wide tests by Franklin dealers have year after year publicly demonstrated Franklin efficiency and economy.

The experience of Franklin owners daily confirms what these tests establish--how the Franklin goes a given distance on **one-half the gasoline** consumed by the average fine car, and for the same yearly mileage, costs about **one-third as much for tires**.

When you look for twenty miles to the gallon of gasoline, ten thousand miles to the set of tires, and depreciation loss cut in half, **look to the construction of the car**.

# FRANKLIN MOTOR SALES

10321 Jasper Ave., Edmonton

Phone 5354





NEXT WEEK'S  
ATTRACTIONSMECHANICAL DEVICE SHOWS  
HOW RHEIMS WAS DESTROYED  
BY VANDALISM OF THE HUNS

Prof. Armand Brings Novelty to Pantages Next Week as Headliner  
—Not a Moving Picture—Five Supporting  
Vaudeville Acts.

The bombardment and destruction by hostile and barbaric of the famous Belgian cathedral city of Rheims by the Huns, which resulted in the loss of the world's most famous cathedral, is the subject of a novel and interesting mechanical device, which will be shown at Pantages next week. The device is a reproduction of the actual scene, and is a masterpiece of mechanical engineering. It is a reproduction of the actual scene, and is a masterpiece of mechanical engineering. It is a reproduction of the actual scene, and is a masterpiece of mechanical engineering.

SENSATIONAL DIVORCE DRAMA,  
"ALIMONY" LAYS BARE SYSTEM  
OF HOW INNOCENTS ARE FLEECE

Harry Talbot, Who Spent a Decade in New York's Criminal Courts,  
Writes Actual Fact Into Absorbing Film Play That Comes  
to Empress Theatre Last Half of Next Week

Followers of theatrical news have read not about "The First National" exhibitors' Circuit of Canada, and all the big time this organization was about to do, some months ago it was announced that the Empress theatre had joined this organization and would handle the releases as they were purchased. And now comes the time to judge whether the goods will be delivered. The first picture under the banner of the "Alimony" is the latest part of the week. "Alimony" is a story of a woman who is deceived by a man who is a criminal. The story is a sensational divorce drama, and it is a masterpiece of mechanical engineering. It is a reproduction of the actual scene, and is a masterpiece of mechanical engineering.

play the girl used by the crooked lawyer in the opening scenes of "Alimony" is a sensational divorce drama, and it is a masterpiece of mechanical engineering. It is a reproduction of the actual scene, and is a masterpiece of mechanical engineering.

HOW JUNE CAPRICE  
GOT RARE JACKET  
FOR PANTSY FEATURE

The jacket which adorns June Caprice in the opening scenes of "Alimony" is a sensational divorce drama, and it is a masterpiece of mechanical engineering. It is a reproduction of the actual scene, and is a masterpiece of mechanical engineering.

Scene from "The Barrier," showing at the Empress Theatre  
Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.



The Wiggs family in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" at the Empress theatre the first half of next week.

PERENNIAL FAVORITE,  
"MRS. WIGGS" RETURNS  
TO THE EMPIRE THEATRE

May B. Hurst And a Fine New York Company Will Present Alice  
Hogan Rice Story—An Elaborate Revival

The elaborate revival of that most appealing story, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," for a second time at the Empress theatre, is a sensational divorce drama, and it is a masterpiece of mechanical engineering. It is a reproduction of the actual scene, and is a masterpiece of mechanical engineering.

INVADING INDIAN  
RESERVE TO GET  
SCENES FOR FILM

Douglas Fairbanks enjoys the distinction of being the first motion picture producer to be permitted by the United States government to shoot the Navajo Indian reservation, which is situated in the Canyon de Chelly, thirty miles from Gallup, New Mexico. The scenes taken were for Fairbanks' latest production, "The Barren Plains," which will be shown at the Empress theatre next week.

ASTHMA COUGHS  
WHEEZING CROUP  
BRONCHITIS

Vapo-Resoline is a small, safe and effective remedy for asthma, coughs, wheezing, croup, bronchitis, and all other respiratory ailments. It is a reproduction of the actual scene, and is a masterpiece of mechanical engineering.



Douglas Fairbanks in "A Modern Musketeer" at the Empress theatre.

Showing at the Monarch Theatre all next week.



In "The Winged Mystery" at the Majesty the first half of next week.

AINSWORTH JOKE  
TRAPS WALTHALL

Sydney Ainsworth, leading man in Fox's picture of "On Trial," now one practical joke ahead of Henry H. Walthall, Fox's great comedian actor.

"I have been a marvelous present which will revolutionize the art of make-up," Ainsworth told Walthall. "But the muscles of the face must not move for five minutes after it has been applied."

They sought a dressing room and both applied the formula. The result was a surprise to both men, who found that the muscles of the face were indeed paralyzed.

ONE WEEK STARTING  
MONDAY

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS  
IN  
A MODERN  
MUSKETEER

WHAT PRESS  
AGENTS SAYMYSTERY AND  
COMEDY FILMS  
AT MAJES

Franklyn Farnum and June Price in "Widely Different" Picture Features

"That of the meal of mystery, it is a reproduction of the actual scene, and is a masterpiece of mechanical engineering. It is a reproduction of the actual scene, and is a masterpiece of mechanical engineering."

THRILLING MYSTERY  
STORY OFFERED IN  
FARNUM PICTURE

Franklyn Farnum, a star of "Widely Different," is to be presented at the Majesty theatre the first half of next week. The picture is a thrilling mystery story, and it is a masterpiece of mechanical engineering. It is a reproduction of the actual scene, and is a masterpiece of mechanical engineering.

GIRLS! WOMEN!  
TAKE CASCAETES  
IF CONSTIPATED

They live their lives and bowels and clear your complexion

Don't stay headachy, bilious and clear your complexion with bread and stomach sour

Get a 10-cent box now. Tonight again, Take Cascades. They will give you relief from constipation. They will give you relief from constipation. They will give you relief from constipation.

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EMPIRE  
PIPE ORGAN CONCERT ORCHESTRA

MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY

Invading Indian Reserve to Get Scenes for Film

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Invading Indian Reserve to Get Scenes for Film

Invading Indian Reserve to Get Scenes for Film



**Next Week's Attractions**

**"A MODERN MUSKETEER"**  
 WITH "DOUG" FAIRBANKS  
 AT MONARCH ALL NEXT WEEK

Something Entirely New for Artcraft Comedian in His Latest Film—Real Indians and the Bogus—Kind in Pictures

A unique theme is presented in "A Modern Musketeer," the Douglas Fairbanks production released by Artcraft, which will be shown at the Monarch theatre all week. The story deals with the discovery of a long-lost Indian chief who has been raised in the city and who, upon finding out that he is an Indian, takes part in the production, which is a combination of thrills and humor. The scenes were taken in the Grand Canyon of Arizona. While the scenes were being filmed, Frank Capron, who plays an Indian part, joined partnership with Fairbanks in a business deal.

**"ALIMONY" TO BE SEEN AT THE EMPRESS**

Manager Hagan, of the Empress theatre, has secured the first production of the "Alimony" series, which deals with one of the most modern of subjects—divorce. The story is a comedy, and is a sequel to the first production, "The Divorcee," which was a success. The story is a comedy, and is a sequel to the first production, "The Divorcee," which was a success. The story is a comedy, and is a sequel to the first production, "The Divorcee," which was a success.

At this subject matter, Talbot says: "In 'Alimony' I think I have written on a subject which is of great interest to the public. It is a story of a man who is married to a woman who is a divorcee. The story is a comedy, and is a sequel to the first production, 'The Divorcee,' which was a success. The story is a comedy, and is a sequel to the first production, 'The Divorcee,' which was a success.

**Empire Theatre**

THURSDAY, FEB. 14. SAT. MATINEE

The Cheer Scotch Comedian

**BILLY OSWALD**

And a Strong Cast of Musical Comedy Favorites in

**HENRY**

Prices: Evenings, 25c to 50c. Sat. Matinee, 25c, 50c and 75c.

**FRANKY F**

MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY

**FRANKY F**

—IN—

**"The Winged Mystery"**

Musical's Latest Production. This is a Thrilling, Tricky

**"THE NEGLECTED WIFE"**

THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY

The Banquet Hall comes to the East and quickly spreads the sunshine of right living over in love.

**JUNE CAPRICE**

Universal Weekly Foxfilm Comedy

The Best Theatre in the City at 2:45 to 5:15 p.m. and 7:15 to 9:15 p.m.

**Phonograph plays in Edmonton**

**Screen Chatter**  
 By the Movie Editor

Arthur Brisbane, Hearst's leading editorial writer, who draws \$100,000 a year for writing a few short articles each day, has had a mix-up with Charlie Chaplin recently declared that he never witnessed a Chaplin film, considering such form amusement beneath his notice. Chaplin's answer, from his standpoint, is that he has not seen a Chaplin film, considering such form amusement beneath his notice. Chaplin's answer, from his standpoint, is that he has not seen a Chaplin film, considering such form amusement beneath his notice.

The Universal Film company will temporarily discontinue the making of all its brands of pictures with the exception of Universal City. The company has decided to concentrate on the making of all its brands of pictures with the exception of Universal City. The company has decided to concentrate on the making of all its brands of pictures with the exception of Universal City.

"Laugh and grow fat" is an old adage, and the Empress theatre management has set itself to the task of seeing that Edmonton has more fun. The management has set itself to the task of seeing that Edmonton has more fun. The management has set itself to the task of seeing that Edmonton has more fun.

**What Press Agents Say**

**There is Nothing For the Liver**  
 SO GOOD AS MILBURN'S LAXA LIVER PILLS

They will regulate the flow of bile to act properly on the bowels, and will tone, renovate, and purify the liver, removing every sick of liver trouble from the temporary, but dis-agreeable bilious and sick headaches, to the severest forms of liver complaint.

A query addressed to Screen Chatter, as to whether Jack Pickford in married or not, must be answered in the affirmative. Jack is the loyal husband of the young lady known as Olive Thorne. She was the actress before, you remember, of "Indiscreet Confessions" and "Hetty Kelly's Hand."

With the consent of the authorities, Andrew Flanner, High Commissioner of the United States, will visit the city of Edmonton, Alberta, in the near future. The visit is expected to be a successful one, and will be a great benefit to the city.

A movement recently started among the women of New York and the cities in the eastern States urging more theatre productions of plays by women, has been met with a general word of protest from the press and the theatre-going public.

**RECORDED PATENTED**  
**MANAGERS**  
**ALL NEXT WEEK AT 3 AND 8.30 P.M.**

From Italy it is announced that the Italian government has decided to send a large number of Italian soldiers to the front. The soldiers are expected to be well equipped and well trained, and will be a great asset to the Italian army.

The British government has decided to send a large number of British soldiers to the front. The soldiers are expected to be well equipped and well trained, and will be a great asset to the British army.

The United States government has decided to send a large number of United States soldiers to the front. The soldiers are expected to be well equipped and well trained, and will be a great asset to the United States army.

**SCENE HIGHLIGHTS U.F.A.**  
 At the annual meeting of the U.F.A. Co. for 1917, the following were elected: President, J. H. C. Co. for 1918, president of binder and quantity of impurities.

**Rural Organizations**

**DOWDEN SEED FAIR**

The annual seed fair is set for Saturday, Feb. 16th. A good list of seed is expected, and an interesting meeting is to follow the seed fair.

**FARMERS' NEWSPAPER**

Prospectus for the Farmers' Newspaper is being sent out to all local secretaries, and the distribution of the paper will be a great benefit to the farmers.

**FEDERAL U.F.A.**

The Federal U.F.A. has re-organized and is now active in the promotion of the U.F.A. movement.

**PROTEST WOMEN'S INSTITUTE**

The members of the Provincial Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Hagan on the afternoon of Wednesday, Jan. 16th, and packed a large quantity of clothing and bedding for the Halifax flood victims.

**SENIOR BOYD TRADE**

The Senior Boyd Trade was organized on the afternoon of Wednesday, Jan. 16th, and is now active in the promotion of the Boyd Trade movement.

**WETASKIN SEED FAIR**

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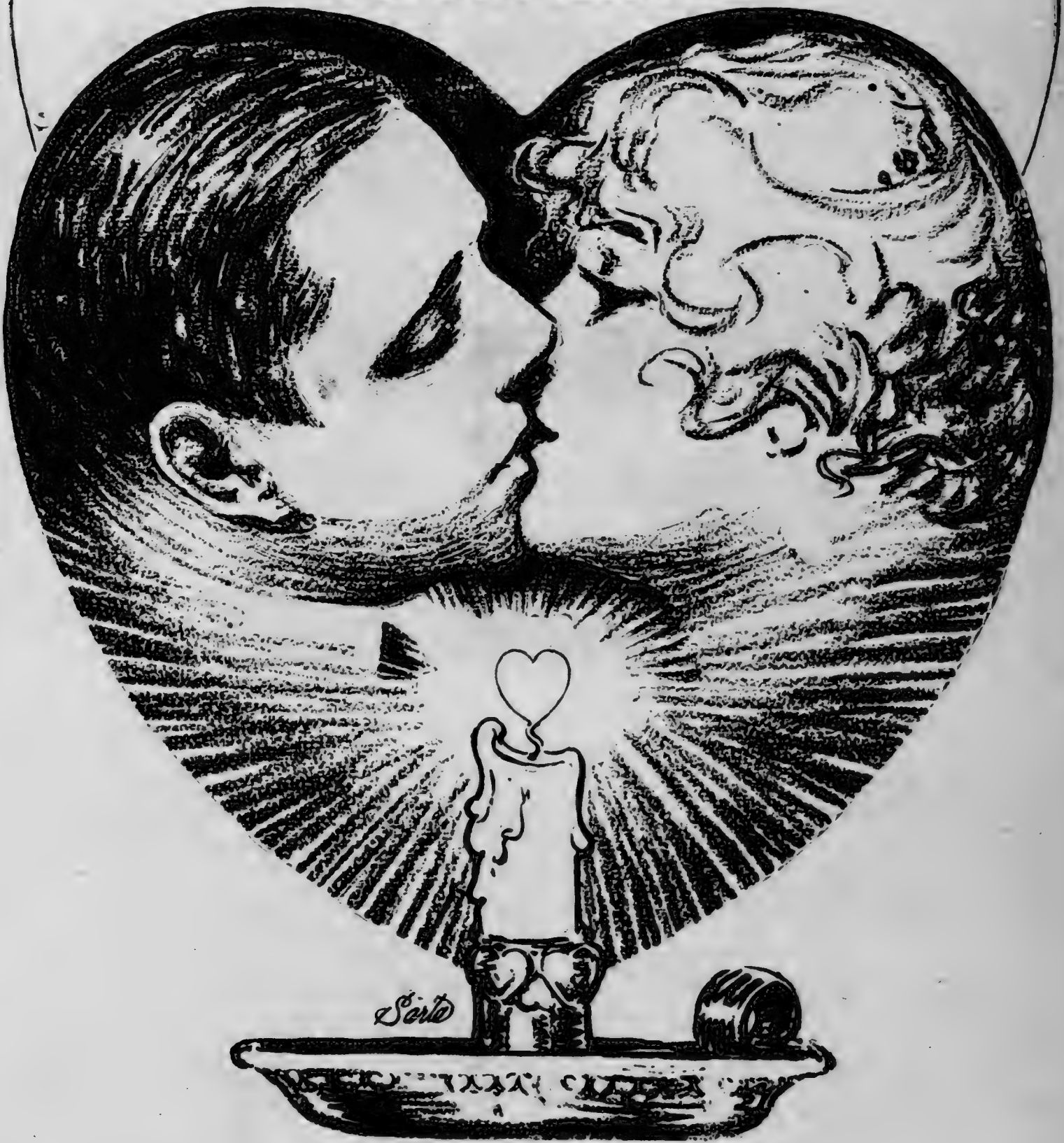




# *The Bulletin Magazine*

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1918.

## FICTION MAGAZINE



looking, it's other than your grandfather I'd have chosen," says she.

"My grandfather?" I questioned. "And what has he to do with the case?"

"Case is the right word," she nodded, and spoke with emphasis. "Letters that no jury could misread has he sent to me; letters that would take the heart out of any widow and leave her howling if the romancer had no honorable intentions."

She paused to look directly at me.

"Sure, an' who wouldn't have thought he meant marriage, and yet 'twas but a night or two a-back he confessed marriage was far from his intentions. He thought I should enjoy his talent at letter writing, he tells me, as he enjoys the exercise of that same talent."

She opened her black bag, took from it a small bundle.

"It's a lesson he badly needs, the old profligate," says she with a vicious click of her teeth, "and I'm the one setting about to teach him. We'll see what a jury will say to these letters."

"What time will Mr. McAvoy be in, did you say, Aileen?" she goes on when yet I didn't answer her.

"Not for a fortnight," I answered.

She rose, placed the letters on my desk.

"Will you give these to Mr. McAvoy when he returns," she says, "and have him pass on how much a jury will allow a poor widow whose heart has been mistreated."

"I would do neither you nor the jury the slightest good," I said, finding now my spirit. "My grandfather's income no jury could fathom, it not being in existence."

She threw up her head then and made virtue of necessity.

"THAT'S true," she answered me, "then at least with the man's name broadcasted over the land as a gay fooler, I may save some other innocent woman."

With which words she flounced out of the office, leaving me to stare stupidly at the package of letters till Mr. McAvoy's partner came in and began at once to dictate a long, tiresome declaration, which set forth in a thousand different counts that John Doe, while exercising all due care and caution, had been knocked down, dragged and mutilated by a street car operated by the agents of the defendant railroad company. And all the time the package of letters lay heavy in my pocket.

However, I closed my desk at 5 o'clock and was preparing to leave when the telephone rang, and there at the other end of the wire was my grandfather.

"Aileen," he began at once, "'tis sad to relate that the Widow McCrea intends suing against me, so she tells me. She intends bringing her troubles and my letters to Lawyer McAvoy."

"The letters she has already brought," I answered him sternly, "but Mr. McAvoy she did not see."

"I remember you told me this morning he was to leave town," he answered, "so till he returns bring the letters home to me. I want to make copies of them to send to a publisher. They are very quaint, and out of the royalties I can pay the Widow McCrea balm for her wounded heart."

As I did not answer, he ended distastefully.

"Otherwise, should a jury return a verdict, 'tis prison for your poor grandfather, since there is no money on hand, as well you know."

That settled me, and I took the letters home with me.

I found mother in the kitchen, making a lovely dessert of cream and pink gelatin, and I kissed her soft cheek.

"Rose, darlin'," I whispered, "haven't you forgiven father yet for lovin' you too much?"

She beat the cream to ribbons.

"He is not to be forgiven," she answered; "not for many a day, for speaking to me as he did one Monday morning. And if you see him, so you may tell him."

I knew then she meant to go the entire

length of her dramatics. And I went upstairs musing on the blindness of men. Had I been father, I should soon have brought her to her senses; not I to have gone about looking shyly and longingly at her. I should have picked her up, bit of thistledown as she is, flung her over my shoulder and off with her to some dark dungeon.

At supper I placed grandfather with a disapproving eye, but he minded me not at all. Poor father sat casting longing glances at mother, who looked far away and unattainable in her crisp white dress and a little blue bow in her hair, and never a glance for him. Grandfather spoke to mother.

"Rose, darlin'," he said, "I bespeak the parlor tonight from the hours of 8 to 10. I have important company. You will not entertain any of your admirers."

Mother flashed a hasty look at him, then she lowered her eyes.

"Admirers, father? You do well to cast pity at me, even if 'tis cynicism you employ. 'Tis many the long year since I had an admirer!"

Darling mother! She does use beautiful language when she wishes to squelch poor father! She is artist enough never to spoil her effects, so, though consumed with curiosity, she did not ask grandfather whom he expected as a caller.

I, too, had curiosity, so that I was glad when grandfather came up to my room after supper. But I fixed him with a dark and stern eye.

"The Widow McCrea—" I began, but he took the words from my lips.

"Give me the letters," he said. "I should have made copies before, but who thinks while the ardor of composition is on him?"

"I must have them back before Mr. McAvoy returns," I said, handing him the package.

"You shall," he answered. "And now put on your prettiest dress, for your young barrister comes calling the evening."

I felt the blood beating into my face. "Tonight? And why should I see him?"

"You are to hear all that passes between us. Think you the Widow McCrea shall beat me at her game. She has sought a lawyer. I telephoned Courtney Ronalds to call on me tonight. He is just the right young puritan to defend me. He knows the law through and through."

He put the letters down on my little table and went away.

I flew to my dressing. Before 8 I was quite ready. I had brushed my hair high to give me needed height, which, with my three-inch beaded slippers, made me quite five foot two. My dress of palest blue with silver gumpes was my best.

Grandfather called me and I went down. My heart beat high, for seated at a small table was Courtney Ronalds! Grandfather spoke:

"Mr. Ronalds, let me show to you my granddaughter, Aileen."

THAT young man rose to his feet, raised cool and impersonal eyes to mine and murmured the polite return.

"To the mark at once," said my grandfather as I seated myself in a far corner and scarce dared lift my eyes. "I've written warm letters to the Widow McCrea. She threatens suit, so I've called on you to defend me. I wished not to call at your public office in the matter."

Courtney Ronalds set his lips tight. "Where are the letters?" he asked in tones of ice.

"The letters, my love," said my rascal of a grandfather to me. And so it came that I had to walk the length of the room, upstairs and downstairs, again with the letters.

"These are copies," said my grandfather. "It's a habit of mine to make copies of my literary endeavors. I have two conceits—I've been a good soldier and I've written charming love letters."

He passed a sheet to me.

"Read, Aileen," he commanded.

In a small and shy voice I began my

reading, for Courtney Ronalds' eyes were fixed on mine:

I am back once more in my lonely room, but your fragrant presence is still with me. I recall the blue of your eyes, the softness of your lips, your hands, slender and white, moving amidst the pages of your book. Would that the picture you made stay forever in my possession. . . .

I read on and on, sweet and dear love phrases. So carried away was I that I forgot time and place and put into my voice all the eloquence the words aroused in me. At last I raised my eyes, to find Courtney's gaze fixed on me, a sort of new and lively curiosity in it.

Grandfather's voice came.

AS A lawyer, Mr. Ronalds, is there anything incriminating in the fierer vision that can see the loveliness of woman?"

Courtney resumed his usual judicial manner.

"It is not what you see that matters. It is what you put in black and white. So far you have not convicted yourself. Please read the second letter, Miss Dinsmore."

So I went on:

This day have we walked the fields together. The sun was on your hair; pearls and silver in your speech. 'Tis the voice of woman that stirs always my heart. You it was who adventured beyond my cooler judgments. "Come," you cried, "let us away through green fields; let us forget the spring rivers. What! Are you afraid?" Yes, man is afraid betimes of romance when the sun is on her hair.

The letter stopped abruptly and grandfather rose. Straight he came to me.

"I am tired, Aileen, beloved," he said, and strode abruptly from the room, leaving me to say good night to Courtney Ronalds at our door.

The next night he came, however, promptly at 8. Mother admitted him—a frightened little dove of a mother. Like a little girl she looked, dressed in pink, my great, stolid father hovering near her, protectingly.

She drew Courtney into the little parlor, where grandfather sat awaiting him. "Oh, 'tis terrible, Mr. Ronalds," began my mother in her lovely voice, with its trace of accent.

"Your father has merely been foolish, let us hope," said Courtney.

"Not that it's criminal to write love letters," continued mother; "'tis a habit my whole family has. Aileen, my sweet daughter, has millions of them, to which, no doubt, she sent appropriate replies."

"Come, sweet," said my father as he put his arm about mother; "the spring night is fine for walkin'."

"Your mother?" asked Courtney of me in surprise when they had gone.

I nodded.

"And eighteen years separating us," I said. "She and father have made up after a little quarrel and now go out to walk like lovers."

"Strange," mused Courtney; "you seem—all—rarely romantic."

"Come," said grandfather, "to the letters."

So I read the third and the fourth, and then the fifth. This one went:

Palpitating to the mystery of all life, I have just left you. In one brief moment the doors of the world were flung open to me. In one rich moment all the colors of all the flowers had flamed for me—for I have kissed you. . . .

Courtney Ronalds was on his feet. "A kiss constitutes—" he began. I, too, sprang to my feet.

"What does a kiss constitute?" I cried.

"Damning evidence!" he replied.

"You are sacrilegious!" I cried out on him. "A mincing young lawyer who

knows nothing of the sweetest things in life." I flung the letters at his feet. "There, take them; mull them over, find your own evidence; take each glance, each kiss, each thrill and parse them with your own 'crude and cruel common sense!'"

He stared toward me, but I flashed by him and never once stopped till I was upstairs in my own room.

Two weeks went by and I never once went down to the little parlor, where nightly grandfather and Courtney Ronalds read the letters. Then one day he called me up and asked me to meet him in the waiting-room of the Blue Moon Hotel—on important business.

I faced him coolly enough, there in the ornate waiting-room.

"We may as well lunch together," he said in a businesslike manner, and led the way to the restaurant. We sat down near a playing fountain; soft music came to us from a hidden orchestra.

When the waiter had gone Courtney leaned forward and said:

"I was quite sure your eyes were blue."

"Your words are quite irrelevant," I answered with dignity.

"Perhaps," he said, coloring, but ever he kept his gaze on me. "The letters now; they were not complex, your grandfather admitted. The case is not a case, since you hold all the evidence in your own hands."

"Mr. Ronalds," I said, "you are a strange shell of a man. The gift of romance is not in you. Is the gift of perception, too, lacking? The Dinsmores have their honor, and this well the Widow McCrea knew when she intrusted the letters to me. My grandfather may play with fire and soothe his conscience with man logic; but he is the soul of integrity!"

"Why did your grandfather keep the letters?" he asked.

"So you might read them, and so he might make copies to publish, so his royalties might pay any judgment the Widow McCrea might get against him."

THEN he threw back his head and laughed long and heartily.

I looked away from him, hot anger in me, and there, coming down the aisle, I saw my grandfather and the Widow McCrea approaching!

At our table they paused, and no embarrassment was visible on their smiling faces. Grandfather held out a fine, unwrinkled hand to Courtney.

"A new light in your eyes," said my grandfather; "the same that Aileen lights in every lover."

I could have slain him as he stood there, but Courtney answered calmly enough:

"We are here to discuss the evidence in your case."

And my rascal of a grandfather laughed outright, the Widow McCrea joining in.

"They have taken our joke quite seriously," said he.

Now the entire scheme unrolled itself before me! 'Twas to give me my heart's desire my grandfather had so demeaned himself. To have me read love letters to Courtney Ronalds, that his slow imagination might take fire!

I rose from my chair, spoke directly to Courtney Ronalds.

"If you will send your bill to me, Mr. Ronalds," I said, "I shall see that it is settled."

He did not speak for a moment. Then rising and looking straight into my eyes, he said:

"It is unconstitutional, I should say, Miss Dinsmore, not to be alone with a young lady when you tell her you love her." He looked at my grandfather. "Shall we leave you here alone, or shall we ourselves go?"

"Where?" asked my grandfather.

"To Arcady," said Courtney softly.

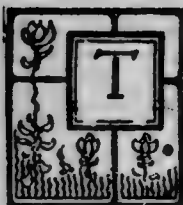
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# THE CAMEL'S EYE

By Arthur James Hayes

Illustrated by Henry Thiele



HE heirs engaged in the customary squabbling over the estate. It is a conceit of many clever business men that they are competent to draw up their own last will and testament.

Like most other conceits, it has little foundation in fact. John C. Southwick's provision for a life estate for his sister, Maude Southwick, was the opening wedge for years of litigation.

Age had soured and embittered him. Some of his life annuities were contingent upon such bizarre eccentricities that the next of kin sought to have the will invalidated on plea of the testator's incompetency. An offer of \$100,000 to a nephew upon the condition that he never marry was held void as contrary to public policy.

The old butler's bequest of \$50,000 was contested on the ground of undue influence. Every legal firm in town that was of any real consequence jumped in with writs and injunctions and interpleaders extraordinary. And while the courts and relatives thrashed out the intricate maze of fact and law and probability, the old Southwick mansion stood empty.

It would have remained empty anyway. Southwick Sr. had guessed wrongly as to its best location back in the '60s. The fashionable center of town shifted north. The immigrant labor flood began to coalesce about the imposing red brick structure. The locality became one of cheap saloons and small shops and dirty alleys, filled with lurking gangsters.

Every day for thirty years the old man's carriage rolled past the peddlers' carts, along thoroughfares dim and grimy and squalid, and through the great iron gates of the drive. The children followed the fashionable trend uptown. His wife had been years dead, stubbornly he continued on in the outlandish locality. Daily he walked alone through the great high-ceilinged empty rooms where his children had romped. He still slept in the old south bedroom on the second floor where they had all been born, and where the doctor had folded his wife's white hands over the silent heart.

His death occasioned a great deal of comment. It had occurred in the garish monotony of a library that he had had designed, furnished and equipped with books, under a blanket contract. That was the way that Southwick had always done things—sweepingly, completely, and at a stroke. That was why also there were so many stocks and bonds and banking securities uptown in his safety vaults that the heirs hardly heeded the decadent mansion.

The will cases were almost up to the United States Circuit Court before the singular discovery was made that there had been other visitors to the Southwick library. No caretaker had been employed for over a year. The unkempt lawns grew up in weeds and dandelions, and the lilac bushes in the back yard grew tall and straggly. Venturesome alley gamins had hurled a few missiles through the upper windows, but a rumor that the house was guarded by "dicks" in the daytime and ghosts at night prevented further depredations.

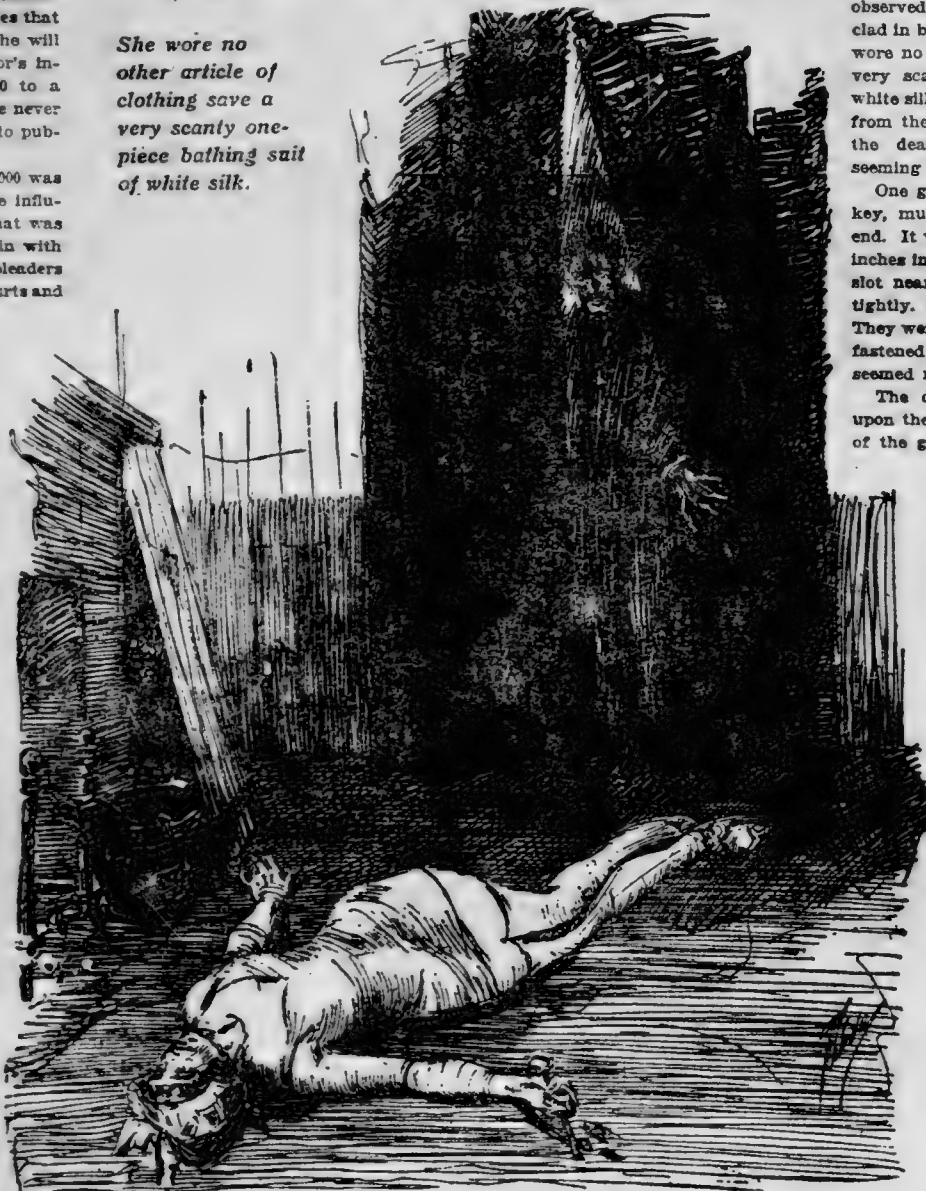
Young Jack Southwick, appointed administrator by compromise agreement of counsel in the will cases, made the discovery. He had hoped to find forgotten

documents in his father's writing desk that might confirm certain legal phases of his own case. The odor of stale dust and damp rugs was strong in his nostrils as he entered the old drawing-room.

The wall paper was peeling and the

The bullet-shaped head gleamed in the morning light like polished ivory, and the hand against the red plush of the chair was a grayish white, resembling the belly of a dead fish. Standing there in the choking cloud of dislodged dust, young

*She wore no other article of clothing save a very scanty one-piece bathing suit of white silk.*



slender legs of some Louis Quinze chairs were warping into indecorous postures. On the floor he noticed footprints, small amorphous abrasions of the dust that carpeted the hardwood to a depth of a quarter of an inch or so.

They were not the imprints of a shoe. Neither did they convey the impression of having been made by some one in stockinged feet. He followed them into the other room. The old green shutters were only half closed, and the effect of the morning sunlight was to pattern the room in alternate bars of gold and purple. He stared in front of him with an astonished focusing of attention that held him oblivious to the stifling dust raining down from the shaken portieres.

An old, bald-headed man sat back in one of the red plush armchairs facing the windows. His head had dropped forward upon his scrawny chest and his eyes were closed. The corners of the bloodless lips were lifted upward in a leering, senile grin. In one hand, still clenched tightly despite the slackness of the arm, was an open razor.

Southwick remarked all this. He even noticed the grain of the leathery yellow skin, held in ridges by the cords of the thin neck.

All of these impressions were photographed on his mind before the full horror of his discovery was borne upon him. Then he realized that the man was dead. The posture and the smile were unutterably hideous. Southwick moved several steps nearer, conquering his strong aversion for the corpse crouched in the chair.

From the old armchair the peculiar shapeless footprints led through the red portieres into the little den. They seemed to circle around the reading table. Southwick followed them, expecting to trace them back to the armchair. But they went on through into the next room. On the strip of uncarpeted hardwood between the two he discerned another variety of footprints. These were such as might have been made by an ordinary leather shoe. He glanced back at the shriveled little man's feet. They were attired in common black square-toed boots.

He pushed his way through the away-

ing drapes, choking as the dust cascaded down from the disturbed folds. At the spectacle encountered his taut nerves forced a stifled cry from his lips. Around the iris of his eyes an unnaturally large circle of white appeared, and his hands twitched uncontrollably.

A second figure was sprawled out on the floor. It was that of a young girl. Her hair was tightly bound up in a yellow silk handkerchief, folded low over the eyes and knotted at the nape of the neck. One round bare arm lay stretched out beside her in the easy posture of sleep. The hand was gloved.

Her little feet explained the shapeless smudges on the dusty floor that he had observed in the other room. They were clad in beaded moosehide moccasins. She wore no other article of clothing save a very scanty one-piece bathing suit of white silk. The red lips had writhed back from the even white teeth, imparting to the dead countenance the gruesome seeming of a smile.

One gloved hand clutched a long iron key, much oxidized about the farther end. It was a crude affair, almost fifteen inches in length, with a heavy triangular slot near the end. She still gripped it tightly. Southwick stared at the gloves. They were of white kid, elbow length, and fastened with tiny pearl buttons. They seemed never to have been worn before.

The dust had made smudgy marks upon the white gloves and slender limbs of the girl. He noticed that the tip of her retroussé nose bore a smear of coal dust. The effect imparted was almost ludicrous. Her cheeks were very red and gave the impression of having been heavily rouged.

The young broker stared about the room, his mind wandering irrelevantly back to the distant days when he had crept in there to tell his boyish woes to his always sympathetic dad. He was sorry that he had left his father so much alone in his last years. He seemed to see him now, sitting there beneath the mounted elk head that had been the sole trophy of his only vacation in thirty years.

So poignant were the old memories aroused by the familiar scene that he almost forgot the strange old man and the plump slender girl there in the dusty silence. Something stung and misted his eyes. He started shamefacedly and stared about him. In the fireplace was a mound of gray coal ashes. He marveled at that.

With the distinctness with which people are prone to remember inconsequential things while forgetting others of vaster moment he recalled the last time he had seen it. That had been when they were closing up the old place. Then they had removed all the ashes and swept it out thoroughly. Indeed it had even been washed, leaving the seared firebrick a bright red.

Beside it stood a dirty old coal scuttle. That certainly had not been there when he had last stared about the den, with the queer constriction in his throat. Near the coal scuttle lay a great hammered brass bowl and the strange ebony screen that the old man had purchased at some downtown curio store. The young man's last recollection, a rather uncertain one, was that the screen at least had been removed to the basement when the aged caretaker put the house in order before going home to succumb to pneumonia.

He wondered whether it had been the girl or the man who trundled it upstairs again, apparently to set it in its accustomed place. The close, oppressive atmosphere of the old room sickened him. The

## A decorative square tile with a central 'T' inside a square frame. The tile is surrounded by stylized floral and vine motifs.

Grandfather put the tempting book carefully away beneath his pillow. Then he straightened himself to his six feet

My pulses beat unaccountably fast, as

Of course grandfather could do nothing.

"And if it was merely for support I was



Windows were tightly closed and locked from within. The heavy green shutters were drawn shut and the blind had been lowered until only the light through the portieres gave illumination.

He stared down at the girl. Corpses ordinarily are not beautiful, but this one was. Her bare limbs were white as alabaster and her cheeks were a vivid pink, beautiful as the flush of dawn. Even the soot mark on her delicate nose served—like a beauty spot—rather to enhance than to diminish her beauty.

TURNING, he looked back at the other room. In his rusty black clothes, the old man with the yellow bald head and hooked nose resembled a dead condor. One corner of his mouth was raised higher than the other, imparting a leering quality to his crooked smile. The girl seemed to share his sardonic mirth, but her wide gray eyes were directed toward the ceiling.

Southwick walked from one room to another, repelled at the door of each by the fear of another grisly horror within. But the others, grimy and gloomy and silent, contained nothing out of the ordinary. He left the old mansion and reported the find to the police.

The singular circumstances attending the affair created a general furor. Why a very pretty young girl should be wearing such an incongruous garb as silk bathing suit, moosehide moccasins and kid gloves, miles from the nearest bathing facilities, was itself a mystery. Out in the tangle of unpruned lilac bushes in the back yard they found her clothing—a cravenette, a white shirtwaist and blue serge skirt, cheap corset, hosiery stockings and very new shoes. It was such a costume as a shop girl might have affected. Indeed, it transpired that the girl was Marie McGlanis, former maid at the Southwick home.

The dead man had been Southwick Sr.'s valet for a number of years. His name was Alfonso De Nara, and despite his lowly occupation, he boasted of distinguished lineage in Castile. He had been discharged by the estate after his master's death. No one could remember having seen him about the premises since then.

The razor was in good condition and gave evidence of much stropping. It might have been the one used in shaving his former employer. No one knew. The butler had died before the courts had determined whether he had unduly influenced his employer, the decedent, to the extent of \$50,000. His heirs continued the fight, but they knew nothing about the old Southwick home.

The key was as great an enigma. What use it could have had no one knew. Careful search of the house failed to reveal any opening into which it could have been

thrust with intent to unlock something. The girl's exquisite body bore no blemish. The razor had not been used to cause the death of either man or girl.

After a week's investigation the coroner's jury returned the evasive verdict of "Death from cause or causes unknown." Analysis of the stomach contents of the two failed to reveal poison. The expert chemist consulted thought that in the girl's case some quick-acting alkaloid might have been used. A number of these, he explained, spur the circulatory system and drive blood to the face.

The old valet was such a decrepit wreck that it was thought that death might have ensued from natural causes. There was a slight bruise behind one ear, such as might have been sustained by lapsing heavily back into the chair. This could have been received after the fatal stroke of heart failure, however. The coroner's report embodied five proximate causes of death, varying from mitral insufficiency to cerebral hemorrhage.

The razor was carefully examined for traces of poison, but microscopic analysis revealed the blade as free from deadly chemicals. The police, characteristically helpless in the face of conditions that violated the usual crook precedents, hypothesized wild theories. The favorite one was that of a clandestine meeting, terminated by a suicide pact or murder.

Chester McAllyn, chief of detectives, was of the opinion that the girl had succumbed last. He believed that the object of the return was to loot some hidden store of valuables of whose existence the estate was not aware. The ashes in the fireplace were simply explained. If death had ensued four or five days before discovery, as the experts believed, it had taken place during a spell of cold, rainy weather.

Particularly at night the old high-ceilinged rooms would be distinctly chilly. To one in such a condition of practical nudity as the girl, a fire would be decidedly welcome. The great hammered brass bowl lying near the screen might have been casually left there. He indignantly rejected the hypothesis that every article in the room needed explanation. The den was full of queer curios, 90 per cent of which, no doubt, had no more to do with the deaths than surrounding of-

fice buildings have to do with a street car accident.

Perhaps, too, they had been destroying certain evidences of guilt. There were, indeed, charred fragments of paper about the edge of the fireplace. Apparently this had been one reason for the fire, although it was not easy to explain why a match applied to the paper direct would not have served as well. Amateur sleuths evolved a thousand theories which they strove to have published in the correspondence columns of the newspapers.

Interpret flared high at first, and then as the weeks dragged on without new sensations, pinched out. There were no influences to prod the police to greater activity. Valets are inconsequential creatures and girls of the bourgeois class are numerous. When the mystery house was struck by lightning a few months later in a storm that had already necessitated two general alarms its burning to the ground received about two sticks on the fifth page. Even then, however, rumor hung about the ruins.

It was whispered about that a certain old Yiddish junk dealer had gotten rich on a blackened lump of heavy metal that he had found while grubbing in the cooling debris, heedless of the menace of the weakened walls. Forthwith started a stampede for the ruins that it required a riot squad to check. The junk dealer himself protested vehemently that he had found nothing.

A new phase of the will fight eclipsed the memory of the old place even in the minds of the various claimants for the estate. By a second agreement of counsel the lot was sold to a concern that erected a laundry upon it. The last outpost of gentility in South Warren avenue had surrendered to the vandal horde.

THE wind screeched triumphantly as it raced down the dark alleys, swirling rain gusts that caught startled passers-by on side streets in miniature waterspouts. In the deep shadows water gurgled and rain pattered, resonant with the slight mystery that dignifies common noises made in the dark. Warren avenue pool-rooms were almost deserted, and through the dripping night the tenement lights burned green through grimy panes.

A girl crossed the street, evading the discouraged flare of a sputtering arc

light, succumbing to a short circuit of moisture. She stepped into the alley, shrank behind the telephone pole and stared intently out into the deserted avenue.

Fifteen minutes elapsed. Then she went on up the dingy thoroughfare. Through the drawn blinds of the windows dim light struggled, and she could see the silhouettes of men's heads bent over illicit card tables in the roar of cheap saloons. These occasional rays of light revealed her countenance as pink and clear, and her eyes as wide and darkly gray. Over her head was drawn a yellow silk handkerchief, sodden with rain and gleaming, where light found it, like polished brass.

Her slender figure was shrouded in a cheap blue cravenette, buttoned close up to the rounded chin. Under one arm she carried a small bundle wrapped in brown paper. At the gate where boys had been wont to obey the injunction to "Deliver all packages at the rear" she stopped, groping in her pocket for a key.

The next moment it was clicking to the rusty lock. The ornamental frieze of wrought iron spilled great drops upon her as she thrust the gate open. Just as carefully she closed it again and stood listening. The grass had grown tall since her last visit. The budding lilac bushes towered away over her head. She stared long at the blank walls of the mansion, looming so imposingly in the gloom.

Then in the concealment of the lilac bushes she commenced very deliberately to remove her clothes. The raincoat was carefully folded and thrust under the bushes. The white shirtwaist followed suit. She gasped audibly as the chill downpour beat upon her bare shoulders, but continued resolutely. When her skirt and corset and stockings had joined the folded raincoat she stood there, fumbling with the string around the package. The wet silk merged with the tint of her skin until she might have appeared to prying eyes like a marble nude, deserted to adversity in the unkempt garden.

Slowly, because they stuck so obstinately, she began to don a pair of long kid gloves. This having been accomplished, she slipped on a cheap pair of imitation Indian moccasins. Placing a key between her teeth, and thrusting a box of matches into the scant bodice of the silken bathing slip, she started down the stairs that led to the basement entrance. She felt her way along the interior after unlocking the door, occasionally uttering an exclamation of pain as her unprotected body came in contact



"Senorita!" he exclaimed, "you recognize this?"



bars very soon. "We're almost there," he heard her murmur, and gritted his teeth.

Two shining, piercing lights rounded the curve behind them, and Compton noticed that the roadway was becoming brighter. He made a final strenuous effort and the fore wheel of the bicycle touched the railroad track. Jumping off, he helped Slippery Nell down. The two dancing lights were bearing closer.

"Hurry!" Compton ordered. "Run this way!" Dragging the bicycle after him, both ran up the track. "A freight is making up!" he cried. "We'll crawl into an empty car! You don't mind, do you?"

She shook her head. So tossing the wheel aside, they sprang forward among the cars. The pursuing automobile was stopped at the crossing.

They ran to an empty car of the train and Compton gently lifted the girl inside, and followed.

"If the train would only start before they begin searching!" he muttered anxiously.

"Oh, they must—"

"What?"

"Not find us now!"

She shrank away from the car door and out of the moonlight. He followed her, and drawing farther within, they attained the end of the car. The sound of running feet grew louder, and now were at the car. Compton's heart stood still, for the steps had suddenly ceased at the very car door. He felt the girl's hand clutch convulsively at his arm, and a moment later the heavy car door, with various creaks and groans, shut out the pale moonlight, leaving the interior a dense black. It was merely the unsuspecting brakeman, but he had, unknowingly, imprisoned the inmates of the car more securely than if they were behind the bars of jail.

Slippery Nell darted forward with an exclamation of horror, but both doors of the car were securely fastened. They might as well have been in jail.

"What can we do?" she cried, stifling a sob. "They must—"

"That very thing may save us!" Compton answered. "We must remain in the end of the car, in case they should search."

He led her to the upper end of the car, and cautioning her to remain absolutely quiet, he stepped to the opposite end. Voices were slowly drawing closer, and he felt instinctively that they were even now searching. He heard them stop at the next car, and waited expectantly.

THEY can't be in this car," he heard a voice mutter. "It's been closed the whole trip!" It was the brakeman speaking. The searchers then returned in the direction from which they had come, but a few carelessly dropped words still rang in Compton's ears. These words were full of meaning to him—for he was a lawyer. So, he thought musingly, she lied to me. No one could hope to benefit by so doing. He carefully made his way back to Slippery Nell.

"They have given up the search!" he stated in answer to her hasty questions.

"But—the door!" she cried softly. "We will starve—die of thirst! We don't know how long it will be before we will be released from here! This is worse than jail!"

"We can only hope for the best," returned Compton. He was far more worried about the situation than he dared to let her know, and his thoughts were being constantly interrupted by what he had heard. He wondered if Slippery Nell had heard, too; but then she had been in the other end of the car.

"I'm sorry I can't make you more comfortable," he continued apologetically. "Are you still cold?"

"N-no—it's warm here, but I'm hungry and tired! I can hardly stand!"

She was standing very close to him, and as their eyes became more accustomed to the darkness they could see each other faintly, and Compton could easily hear her quick breathing.

"I've gotten you into a fine predicament," she laughed presently. "I should think you would wish to turn me over to the police. I dare say it would be more comfortable than this."

"Nothing doing!" Compton returned firmly. "I'll play the game. I would be arrested the same as you, so I'll try to turn them in the wrong direction until you can get out of the danger zone! In fact, I believe I could enjoy this experience if I had food and water. You—"

"Yes, but you're an honest man, practicing an honest profession, and not a thief or crook like me," she interpolated. "You're not inclined toward doing—living a life like mine, but I'm a professional—don't care for the settled life, and I suppose I will have to go to jail sometime!"

"Don't you ever desire to reform, marry some good man and live a life that is not full of the dangers you invite? Don't you think that when you are in prison you will regret your past life? Can't you see the advantage of reforming now, before it is too late?" His tone was vague.

She shuddered.

"You don't associate with common crooks much, do you?" he continued. "Haven't their ways—looks—"

"No—not that!"

"At least"—he sought her hand and pressed it fervently between his own—"I think you are rather good—for a crook!"

SHE withdrew her hand gently, and Compton, leaving her, walked up and down the car. His hands worked convulsively, his breath came fast, and he walked nervously for the next half hour, giving no attention whatever to his companion. As he was walking near the side of the car he again came upon her. She was sobbing softly.

"This is hard on you," he began abruptly. "You must be almost exhausted. Nothing to eat—the strain of escaping! I wish the train would stop. We've traveled about thirty miles already!"

"What time do you suppose it is?" she faltered, looking at him appealingly.

"Not later than 11 o'clock," he returned.

She leaned wearily against the side of the car.

"I expect I'd better—"

"Have you any suggestion for escape—to leave this behind?" he inquired, interrupting.

"N-no—"

"This is a very able to take you quite a distance, and it will be a good plan for you to continue in this car. For my part, I shall endeavor to get out of here at the first stop. If I feel well, no matter how late it is, it will be better for you to stay here as possible!"

"But—don't you think I will get along all right—by myself? I may not be released for days!" she returned sharply.

"Well—case of your position in life should expect most any hardship—even being without food for days!"

He heard her breath come faster, and with a smile of scorn continued:

"You wouldn't have to remain in the car more than a few hours. And then—such a long ride free. Why, you should send the railway company fare after you get on your feet again! Conscience money, you know!"

She was leaning heavily against the side of the car.

"You truly mean—to get out of here alone—to leave me?" Her voice was tremulous.

"Why shouldn't I?" he retorted. "Of course I have nothing from which to run away—and the first natural law of man is self-preservation. We are nothing to each other! You will ride on and live your life of crookedness, while I—I will return to my own lawful work!"

"Somehow—I wish—that you wouldn't leave me at the first stop! We must be almost to a station, by the way. But—surely, if you get off now—you can take me out with you! I'm sick of this car! I think it will be safe for me. You'll take me with you, won't you?" She spoke forcibly but pleadingly.

"No—I cannot! I don't think it would be safe for you! Listen! I will get off at the next station by arousing the brakeman. You will remain in the end of the car and can go on for sixty or seventy miles yet! The main point with you is to put as much distance as possible between yourself and Glendale! For myself, that is not so necessary!"

"Please!" She caught his arm and asked again. "I think I've traveled far enough. I want to get off at the next stop—with you! You'll let me? Please!"

"No!" he flashed. "This is final! For your own good, you must remain in this car and allow me to leave! Now—let's change the subject!"

The cars jerked as though for stopping and she came to her senses.

"I'm a fraud!" she broke out passionately; "only a fraud! You'll hate me, but I'm not a crook—it was all a frame-up! Every one knew how you hated us girls, and I was put up to playing this stunt! I was supposed to carry it so far, but when the time came for the denouement I couldn't do it! Then everything went from bad to worse! You played the game so strong—stronger than I thought you would, and I couldn't tell you until now! Oh, I'm not worth my weight in old iron! I'm just like this in everything! No—wonder—don't you hate me—awfully?"

"No! Oh, no! I don't hate you! In fact—you'll pardon me—but I think you are a little daredevil!"

She laughed.

"And I really thought you a thief!" Compton laughingly continued. "You played your part well, but if you're not Slippery Nell, who are you?"

"Marjory Carolsford of Chicago."

"Not Judge Carolsford's daughter?" flashed Compton.

"Yes—the very same! Do you know father?"

"Yes, in a legal way. I've called at your home a few times to see him on urgent business. You live on South Michigan avenue, don't you?"

She nodded.

"Will you tell me something about the frame-up?" asked Compton presently. "It's considerable of a surprise, you know."

"Well," she laughed, "you never noticed any of us girls, and some went quite 'crazy' about you. The way you ignored them made a few of them angry, and they decided to get even, so they won the men over to their side, explained the plot, and everything promised to go fine. All went just as planned until you took me away bodily on the bicycle. That was the first upset, and now—look where we are!"

"How does it happen that you were the one girl—"

"We drew lots, and I happened—"

"To be the unlucky one! I'm sorry I caused so much disturbance!"

"Oh, it's all our fault! You're not to blame!" she cried, and he wondered at her earnestness.

The train, with much bumping and groaning, came suddenly to a standstill. Both walked to the door of the car.

"We must get out!" Compton said hastily, and banging the door. "We must—before they leave here again!"

THE car door began to slide back, admitting the feeble rays from a lantern. By the lantern's side appeared the grinning face of the brakeman.

"You kin cum on out now," he said slowly. "No one will git you now, I reckon, an' this car don't go no farther."

Miss Carolsford and Compton emerged from the darkness and alighted from their dark prison.

"How did you know we were in the car?" Compton demanded.

"Shore, an' I seen you jump in up to Sadon! Thin I shuts the door, an' when thin people comes inquirin' fer you I puts them off yer trail! It ain't the first time I've helped elopin' folks from there. We git a lot of them."

"What time is it?" demanded Compton, failing to explain the truth of the matter.

"'Bout 'leven!" The brakeman started away.

"Do you know when there is a passenger train for Sadon?" Compton cried after him.

"Shore, an' mighty soon, I'm thinkin'!" He disappeared.

"Come!" ordered Compton, speaking to Miss Carolsford. "We must find the station."

The station was not far from that very spot, and they found that a train for Sadon was due in an hour.

"We're not so unlucky after all," muttered Compton. Then turning to Miss Carolsford: "We can get to Sadon by 1. If the Glendale Hotel bus is there, we can arrive at Glendale by 1:30, and if it isn't, we'll do the next best thing."

THEY sat in the station and silently reviewed, in their own minds, the events of the night, briefly, until train time. The day coach of the train was deserted only for a few people who lay sprawled out on the seats sleeping, and Compton and Miss Carolsford dropped into a seat well in the rear of the car. Miss Carolsford feigned asleep most of the way to Sadon, but when the train stopped there she jumped up quickly, and both she and Compton were out of the car before any of the wakeful passengers noticed them. Here they were due to one disappointment. There was no bus to Glendale. They could not go over until early in the morning!

Miss Carolsford remained comfortably in the station, but Compton disappeared. He had not been gone more than fifteen minutes when he suddenly reappeared and unconsciously woke her from a short sleep.

"Come!" he said, authoritatively. "Let's go!"

"What—do—you—mean? I thought—" she murmured sleepily.

"I mean," retorted Compton, "that we can return the way we came!"

"Indeed—we will not!" she flashed back. "I will not ride back that way! I will wait till morning!"

He drew her to her feet and led her—or rather pulled her—out of the station.

"Indeed—but we will!" he retorted. "We shall ride back the way we came, even if I must do as you said I did before—place you bodily on the handle-bar! Come!"

The ride back to Glendale was devoid of any incident, but Miss Carolsford appeared very uncomfortable. They arrived at the hotel a little after 3 o'clock in the morning. The hotel clerk asked no questions, and they separated, going to their respective apartments. But the next morning Miss Carolsford had gone—left the hotel early—probably caught the morning train to Kalamazoo, and three hours later Harold Compton had gone also. He had decided to spend the remainder of his vacation in Chicago.

Three months later Compton and Miss Carolsford stood in the library window of the Carolsford home.

"Marjory," he was saying, "your father thinks I am all right. Don't you think you could ever love me a wee bit?"

"Harold, the girls at Glendale chose me because they thought I would be neutral—would further their interests—but I wasn't neutral! I cared even then!"

"Marjory!"

For a passionate, breathless interval she lay against his breast, her eager, pleading lips pressed to his.

"Marjory, that night when we were in the car they came searching, and one of the searchers said something."

"What?" Her face lay close to his, her eyes looking into his, questioning, but full of pride and peace.

"Marjory," he said, "you are carrying the joke too far!"

"Then you knew?"

A whimsical smile overspread his face as he drew her closer.

"My own Slippery Nell," he whispered happily, "did you think for a moment that I didn't know?"

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with the sharp angles of doors and walls.

Once in the upper hall, where, as she had observed on a former occasion, the blinds were tightly drawn, she dared to strike a light.

The match flare found her in front of a pier glass, veiled in dust. She stared at her dim reflection. Her teeth were chattering with the cold, her lips were blue and her skin was roughened into "goose-flesh." The originally white gloves were already drab-colored with grime. Very deliberately she placed her right hand against the mirror. It left a distinct impression upon the layer of dust. She smiled slightly and went on.

IN THE den she ascertained that the shutters were closed and the blinds drawn. Then she began a series of visits to the basement. These were accomplished in utter darkness and facilitated by a seemingly instinctive sense of direction. She scraped around the bin for coal and located the scuttle in its customary place beside the door of the little furnace-room.

Afterward, in the corner devoted to discarded furniture, she resurrected the ebony screen. Back in the den, she carefully placed it in front of the fireplace. Then she took a book from one of the shelves and tore out some leaves. She glanced at them casually. They were the hand-illuminated parchments of a fourteenth century Bible, worth perhaps a thousand dollars.

Soon tiny flames rose in the fireplace. The coal ignited and glowed ruddily. The ebony screen deflected the light from the window, but it danced on the dust-dimmed walls and grimy portieres. The girl sat on the floor, warming her damp, chill body with the welcome heat. Then she rose and groped under the top of the library table. Her gloved hand closed on a long iron key. Her eyes roved to the mosaic on the farther wall of the den.

It was composed of alternate squares of green jade and red and brown porphyry, and crudely depicted a camel train on the Sahara.

Curiously worked out in squares of various colors were quaint palm trees and sand hills, with the jutting apex of a distant pyramid. The girl went over and fingered the head of the camel looming largest in perspective. Its queer triangular eye seemed to fascinate her. Then she returned to the blaze.

"Buena noche, senorita!" said a voice behind her.

She started, choking back a scream. The dusty portieres had parted to reveal the head of a man. It was bald, hook-nosed and weirdly aged. The thin lips parted in a vacuous, toothless smile. The girl's dilated eyes narrowed and the color owed back into her chalky face.

"So it is that we return, eh?" said the man, stepping into the room and carefully closing the drapes behind him.

The girl's red lips set sullenly.

"What the devil are you here for?" she queried.

The man, small and old and attired in a greenish black suit, smiled again.

"Perhaps it is that we share a secret?" he suggested. "I observe that you have possessed yourself of—of the great key."

"Well?" said the girl.

"Why," he asked irrelevantly, standing beside her, "do you always prow around here without—you will pardon me, senorita—without clothes?"

The girl shrugged her handsome bare shoulders.

"I know what I do," she replied evasively.

The other's wrinkled and mummylike visage twisted again into the crooked grin.

"In the past," he observed, "you read much of these queer detective stories—is it not?"

The girl's long gray eyes flashed angrily.

"What if I did?" she snapped. "This ain't no stage make-up. Look here!"

She held up one gloved hand.

"See that? Well, it's touched floors and tables and window sills and everything else a thousand times tonight. And this dust is just about the same thing as Spanish lampblack, that the 'dicks' are so fond of using. If you know anything at all, you know that this finger-print stuff ain't no joke these days."

The other nodded calmly.

"You reason well," he admitted. "The spot where one chances to put his hands, groping in the dark, he might overlook a score of times by daylight. But—but the rather lavish exposure of the senorita's person? Is it also a part—"

"It is!" she snapped savagely. "Who the hell are you to be cross-questioning me? Fresno Fannie Halloran drew three years because she dropped a silk handkerchief in the Mulhall residence. I didn't have to read in no detective story that Lipping Jimmie McCabe registered the queer horseshoe design on his heel in the dust of the Montague cellar. It was a croaking job, too, and he went to the chair for it."

"Women's togs ain't no good for a crib trick, anyhow. When you're climbing around in the dark you're pretty sure to leave some torn dress goods or frilly lace for some wise dick or harness bull to remember he seen you with. And I'd stand a fine chance with finger prints against my own Bertillon record, wouldn't I? I can burn the moccasins and gloves and bathing suit in about five minutes and it's all over. Exceptin' on your hands—just—just skin—isn't no give-away?"

The weakened little Spaniard bowed.

"The senorita answers well," he said suavely. "The first time—how well I remember!—there was lacking for the present picture only—well, only the charming silk garb. You were standing behind the master staring down at him. I was across the hall—also staring. We seemed to have a mutual interest in the den, eh?"

The girl smiled sardonically.

"You poor old fish!" she exclaimed. "And I figured you didn't have brains enough to do anything but read those fool Spanish anarchist papers all night!"

A fanatical gleam lighted the other's dark eyes.

"I would suggest," he said gently, "that anarchy is not foolish. The world that now scorns in time will accept what—"

"Can the chatter!" commanded the

girl crisply. "This ain't no Salvation Army gabfest."

The erstwhile valet bowed.

"I might say, then, that for my own part I thought you capable only of reading detective romances!"

The girl sat long in silence, staring into the blaze.

"He wasn't a bad old guy," she remarked inconsequentially.

"He was rich," said the other sharply. "No man should have wealth greater than the rest of the community. And while only a few blocks away children died for lack of clean milk—he—this Judas to humanity—played at midnight with piles of gleaming diamonds!"

"He sure was a nut on it!" admitted the girl. "I guess none of his folks know that he was cracked on the Tiffany sparklers! He wasn't such a fool, though. Stickin' that red-hot key into the camel's eyes wasn't so slow, eh?"

"Southwick knew chemistry," admitted the Spaniard grudgingly. "The heat extended the iron the necessary eighth of an inch or so required to engage the lock!"

"And it burned out that queer brown stuff that always poured down in again and blocked up the keyhole!"

"Amber and graphite," said the man. "It was a clever trick, too. It seems self-feeding from some gravity reservoir, and hardens to the smoothness of the stone it imitates."

The fire, roaring in increased exuberance, drove them farther back. Its ruddy glare seemed to suggest an idea to the old man.

"Why didn't you burn the house instead?" he asked abruptly.

THE girl cast a scornful glance. "That stuff might work in Barcelona," she sneered, "but in this country it ain't good form to let houses burn down. There's fire departments paid to save 'em. And if we got the place nicely smoked up we'd be framed for a double rap!"

Genuine admiration gleamed in the other's beady eyes.

"Feurierre says women never reason consecutively," he muttered, "but I think he was wrong!"

"Who says what?" queried the girl suspiciously.

He made a gesture of deprecation.

"Nothing," he replied. "There is the immediate business in hand."

"Fifty-fifty!" said the girl promptly.

"And whichever is caught keeps mum!" "It seems," suggested the old man gently, "that I, who made it easier for the master to die—"

"You!" sneered the girl, laughing mirthlessly. "Say, that's good!"

"It was excellent," agreed the valet. The girl was not heeding.

"This blaze'll have the town down here!" she exclaimed. Springing up, she seized a great hammered brass bowl and inverted it over the coals. In the dimmer light they stared at each other. The Spaniard groped in his pocket. Tense to anticipate a hostile move, the girl watched him narrowly. He extracted a razor.

"Senorita!" he exclaimed, "you recognize this? For five years I shaved the

master with it daily. Then one day I steeped its edge in poison. I was careless that day. No doubt I was thinking of the babies dying for lack of sweet pure milk down the avenue! At all events I cut him two or three times. And that night he was found dead!"

The girl's jet-lashed eyes narrowed until they were twin black slits in her angry face.

"You!" she cried. "You—did it?" He bowed, an ironical smile twisting his lips.

"Yes," he said. "What did you intend to do with—with the swag?" she asked softly.

"I would have bought milk for babies!" he replied. "And you?"

"I got a square guy that's crazy about me," she explained. "He's a druggist. I told him my old man had money. Anyhow, we want to set up for ourselves. Then I'm goin' it straight!"

"And he doesn't suspect?"

"Sure not! But about your croaking off old Southwick! Say, that is good! Why, listen, you old fool! I ain't read detective stories all my life for nothin'."

She paused, her gloved hands groping clumsily under the handkerchief on her head. She extracted a very short and delicate hairpin, and bent it straight out.

"Look 'ere!" she commanded brusquely. "I watched the old boy every night for months. I knew just when he went to sleep, as he always did after stickin' the sparklers away agin. And the night you mentioned I sneaked up on him like this and just—stuck it into his ear!"

As she spoke her gloved hand shot forward suddenly toward the angle of the lean jaw. The Spaniard's knees sagged and his queer grin widened. The hand that clutched the razor relaxed and hung dangling as she carried him over to the chair in the other room. Returning, she stared down at the hairpin. Then she glanced over toward the mosaic. Going over, she pressed the point carefully into the brown triangle. The brown mass yielded slowly, like hard butter. An eighth of an inch at a time she pressed the wire home into the camel's eye.

Then turning briskly, she seized the iron key. The atmosphere was becoming strangely oppressive in the little room. Pale blue flames flickered forlornly from under the blackened rim of the big brass bowl. She feared the fire might die out before she had heated the key.

Inserting the edge of it under the bowl, she flipped it off the ruddy coals. Slowly she straightened up again, then toppled against the screen, which clattered to the floor. The oxygen-starved embers had taken their revenge. Slowly the deadly carbon monoxide gas seeped through the dusty portieres and out into the other room, where the man with the bald head sat like a grotesquely garbed vulture.

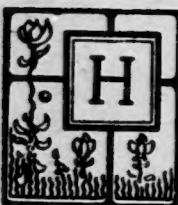
Within the den the dying flames played their uncertain rays upon the rounded limbs of the girl. Her poison-brightened blood made her cheeks as vividly red as if they had been rouged. And the gloved hand, its pearl buttons gleaming like blood in the firelight, still clutched the secret key.

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# LOVE WENT A-PEDALING

By Russell E. Van Arsdel

Illustrated by F. McAnelly



AROLD COMPTON, a Hoosier lawyer, was the type of man of which you occasionally read. He was a woman-hater, a man whose bachelorhood his friends often taunted by whis-

pering "Watchful waiting." They did not stop to think that all "watchful waiting" must cease sometime, and when Compton left Gary in early July for a vacation in northern Michigan no one

said a word. Nothing unusual about a vacation in Michigan, is there?

After two days the summer residents of Glendale had fathomed Compton. Whenever he appeared upon the beach the verdict of his character went around.

"There's the woman-hater again."

The fact that Compton, rather handsome, was a good tennis player made it doubly hard for the summer girls; to him they were shallow and irritating. Out-

wardly the girls detested him; inwardly they admired him and courted his favor.

During the next two weeks the unmarried feminine resorters discovered many things about this magnificent six-footer called Compton. First fact, he was a promising young lawyer; second fact, he was popular with the male coterie. He detested women in general; he loved tennis and boating, and the last mentioned recreation he pursued every

day at 2 o'clock, remaining on the lake until evening. Boating as a recreation is nothing unusual, but proved fatal to him.

On Monday, the 17th day of July, Compton walked down to the lake and entered his boat at precisely 2 o'clock, just as he had been in the habit of doing every day of the last two weeks. It had been his custom to row north from the hotel, past the tennis courts and golf links, then turn west and go to Treadwell Island, very small but very interesting.

He had almost reached the north end of the golf links on this day when his attention was attracted by a young woman



in tennis costume motioning to him frantically. Why she should be signaling him Compton did not know, but curious, he drew close to the shore. The boat suddenly grounded and he jumped out, and before he had time to think, she ran and jumped in.

"Push off quickly!" she cried breathlessly.

Obediently Compton gave a stout shove, which moved the boat from its groundings, and jumped in. A motley crowd of golfers and tennis players came running to the water's edge, yelling frantically. Some one shot a revolver, but the bullet cut the air above their heads. The boat, propelled by Compton's strong arms, moved steadily away from the shore where the crowd had gathered. A couple of men ran in the direction of the hotel and three others ran toward the boat-house.

"They're after boats!" she exclaimed in alarm.

"Where can we go?"

"Treadwell Island!"

Compton returned. The excitement had dazed him. Presently regaining his composure, he inquired whimsically: "What's the trouble? Did you commit murder or break jail?"

"Neither!" she flashed back.

She leaned back in the stern of the boat, gazing at him silently, while Compton eyed her, openly curious. The girl possessed beautiful dark brown hair and eyes of the same color, which looked at him fearlessly. Dressed in tennis costume, her bare white throat, flaming cheeks and beautiful eyes were appealing, and caused his pulses to quicken.

"What have you done?" he questioned abruptly.

"Will you promise to help me—if I tell you the truth?" she demanded warily.

"I believe so—yes, providing it wasn't a cold-blooded murder!"

"No—not that!" Her eyes narrowed. "I only attempted to take Mrs. Fitzgerald's pearls—failed miserably! I never was so awkward!"

"Not the first offense, then, I presume?" Compton shot out. How could anyone so beautiful be a professional crook? he thought.

"No—but the first failure in five years. I'm thoroughly disgusted!" she flashed.

♦ ♦ ♦

COMPTON imagined he saw tears in her eyes. Were they tears of remorse or what?

"How long have you been here—at Glendale?" he asked after a time. "I don't seem to remember your face."

"About two weeks!" she returned, and then laughed. "I may as well tell you. To those who know me, I am Slippery Nell. I've been a crook most of my life, but I get sick of it sometimes—"

"I think you would," muttered Compton, although his experience with that class of people had been limited. "My name is—"

"Harold Compton," she interrupted. "I looked you up in the hotel register. I—I even ransacked your room—once!"

"You couldn't have found much," he laughed. "I didn't bring anything valuable with me."

She did not reply, and he turned his attention upon attaining the island. In a few short minutes the boat grounded and both jumped out.

"What can we do here?" she demanded wearily. "We can't try to land until dark."

"We can remain here until then, and in the meantime think of some manner of escape. We must hide the boat and get out of sight, though, for they are probably searching even now."

"I'm sorry," she announced a moment

later, "to have caused you this inconvenience, but there was no other way of escape!"

"Don't mention it," returned Compton sardonically. "Glad to oblige, you know, but they recognized me. If I go back, they'll arrest me as your accomplice; so I, too, am a fugitive. Well, it's no use to worry about that until later. Let's think of something more interesting—about yourself, for instance."

"Oh, I'm very uninteresting! It's just the same monotonous story of one crime

after another, you know. You're a lawyer and know the kind well, from one side at least—that is, the legal side! Nine times you are successful and the tenth time you are caught!"

"Why don't you chuck that sort of life?" asked Compton. "You're entirely too young and beautiful to be risking your life that way. Do you ever stop to think what will finally become of you?"

"Woman's prison!" she flashed. "Time does go so slow. Can't we start sooner?"

"No, it wouldn't be safe; but then it will be dark soon," he encouraged.

They sat on the rocks, hidden from view of the shore, alert to any sound that might indicate pursuit, and whiled away intervening hours partly in conversation and partly in silence. Of Slippery Nell's past life he asked no further, and she volunteered nothing. As he watched her in silence he became more and more impressed with her beauty. What a shame, he thought, that her life should be wasted in this manner. She did not look like a thief, and her eyes—they met his directly, and not with the customary aversion of the crook's. Unforgetful of self, he noted her slender, well formed figure, and he noted the way little wisps of her hair blew in the sharp breeze. Then he bit his lip with vexation. How could a girl—a self-acknowledged thief at that—affect him like this? They passed the remaining hour before dark in silence, and then Compton rose.

"We'd best be going," he told her, and turned to the boat.

"Do you think it's safe—now?" she faltered.

"Well, safe as it ever will be," he answered.

"Of course we don't know who we will find on shore. But you use very good English—for a crook!"

"Oh, I had a good education," she returned. "The most educated crook is the most dangerous, you know."

He jumped in and pushed the boat off.

"We must approach the shore cautiously," he whispered presently, "for they may be watching. They would know that we wouldn't try to land until dark."

The boat glided silently toward the

lake. They would soon be in pursuit, he thought swiftly, and there was no time to waste, so he hastily turned to Slippery Nell. She was trembling noticeably.

"Are you frightened?" he asked swiftly.

"N-no," she answered reluctantly, "but that noise! They've found the boat?"

"Yes; we must hurry!"

"But—what—"

"Why, we'll escape on this bicycle—only hope! You can ride the handle-bars!"

"Oh!" She shrank from him. "Mr. Compton, there—"

"Come!" he interrupted. "No time to lose!"

He lifted her bodily to the handle-bars, gave a quick shove with his left foot and started pedaling. To gain the highway it would be necessary to cross in the light from one window. Suddenly a loud shout, followed by the sound of running feet behind them, announced to the fugitives that they were discovered. Compton redoubled his efforts, but it seemed impossible for him to make good speed, and from the increasing sound of running feet he knew that some of the pursuers were bearing down upon them.

"Are they coming?" she demanded over her shoulder.

"Yes, and they're coming faster than we are going!" he muttered with emphasis.

"Please—"

"Please what?"

"Can't you go faster?"

Compton did not reply, but bent all of his efforts upon outdistancing their pursuers.

"There are two forks in the road," she continued.

"One goes to Sadon and the other—"

"We'll take the one to Sadon!" he interrupted.

"But," sighing, "you can't pedal this—forever! What will we do at Sadon?"

"Wait—till—we—get—there!" retorted Compton exhaustedly.

The pursuers were gradually losing ground, however, and a moment later they were not to be seen.

"There," he continued, "we are safe from them for a time—till they come after us in a faster machine!"

He began pedaling more regularly, when, without the slightest warning, her soft figure reeled heavily against him. It was with difficulty that he retained his hold upon the handle-bars. Her head rested wearily in the hollow of his shoulder and the wind blew tiny wisps of her hair across his face at short, intoxicating intervals.

"Are you cold?" he asked presently, but he knew that he could not aid her if she was.

"A—little," she faltered. "I'm absolutely given out—the strain, I think. What will we do at Sadon?" she asked for the second time.

"I haven't decided yet—don't even know how far it is!"

"About a mile," she breathed. "I shouldn't have allowed you to come. There is still time for you to return—to leave me—"

"Nothing doing!" cried Compton. "I'll stick to the finish now! I'm a fugitive, too, you must remember!"

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Compton pedaled hard. His feet and legs seemed to be mere pieces of machinery, and he was breathing fast, but he realized that they would be pursued in



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after another, you know. You're a lawyer and know the kind well, from one side at least—that is, the legal side! Nine times you are successful and the tenth time you are caught!"

"Why don't you chuck that sort of life?" asked Compton. "You're entirely too young and beautiful to be risking your life that way. Do you ever stop to think what will finally become of you?"

"Woman's prison!" she flashed. "Time does go so slow. Can't we start sooner?"

"No, it wouldn't be safe; but then it will be dark soon," he encouraged.

They sat on the rocks, hidden from view of the shore, alert to any sound that might indicate pursuit, and whiled away intervening hours partly in conversation and partly in silence. Of Slippery Nell's past life he asked no further, and she volunteered nothing. As he watched her in silence he became more and more impressed with her beauty. What a shame, he thought, that her life should be wasted in this manner. She did not look like a thief, and her eyes—they met his directly, and not with the customary aversion of the crook's. Unforgetful of self, he noted her slender, well formed figure, and he noted the way little wisps of her hair blew in the sharp breeze. Then he bit his lip with vexation. How could a girl—a self-acknowledged thief at that—affect him like this? They passed the remaining hour before dark in silence, and then Compton rose.

"We'd best be going," he told her, and turned to the boat.

"Do you think it's safe—now?" she faltered.

"Well, safe as it ever will be," he answered.

shore. Neither spoke, but watched closely the dark rim of the shore. Both were surprised when the boat suddenly grounded. The darkness had deceived them.

"Quickly!" he breathed, catching her arm. "We must reconnoiter!"

She nodded in assent. What appeared to be the dark figure of a man caused him to draw her within the shadow of the trees, where they listened breathlessly for a moment. Compton, for a minute, appeared lost as to what he should do next.

"If we could only find a car!" she breathed softly.

"Yes, a car, motorcycle, or anything," Compton muttered. "We'll have to find something, or you're lost!"

Cautiously they crept forward, well in the shadow of the trees and shrubbery, stopping at every sound, no matter how small. Now they attained a small spot well surrounded by bushes, and finding the way clear they stepped forward toward the hotel, although keeping well in the shadows.

♦ ♦ ♦

AN EXULTANT cry issued from the spot where the boat lay.

"There, they've found the boat!" muttered Compton. "We'll be lucky if we get away!" They succeeded in reaching the rear of the hotel without discovery, and made their way toward the kitchen. Suddenly Compton's hand touched cold steel. It was the handle-bar of a bicycle. The clerk's, possibly. It appeared to be a stout-framed wheel, and seemed in the best of condition. Suddenly they saw people running in the direction of the

lake. They would soon be in pursuit, he thought swiftly, and there was no time to waste, so he hastily turned to Slippery Nell. She was trembling noticeably.

"Are you frightened?" he asked swiftly.

"N-no," she answered reluctantly, "but that noise! They've found the boat?"

"Yes; we must hurry!"

"But—what—"

"Why, we'll escape on this bicycle—only hope! You can ride the handle-bars!"

"Oh!" She shrank from him. "Mr. Compton, there—"

"Come!" he interrupted. "No time to lose!"

He lifted her bodily to the handle-bars, gave a quick shove with his left foot and started pedaling. To gain the highway it would be necessary to cross in the light from one window. Suddenly a loud shout, followed by the sound of running feet behind them, announced to the fugitives that they were discovered. Compton redoubled his efforts, but it seemed impossible for him to make good speed, and from the increasing sound of running feet he knew that some of the pursuers were bearing down upon them.

"Are they coming?" she demanded over her shoulder.

"Yes, and they're coming faster than we are going!" he muttered with emphasis.

"Please—"

"Please what?"

"Can't you go faster?"

Compton did not reply, but bent all of his efforts upon outdistancing their pursuers.

"There are two forks in the road," she continued.

"One goes to Sadon and the other—"

"We'll take the one to Sadon!" he interrupted.

"But," sighing, "you can't pedal this—forever! What will we do at Sadon?"

"Wait—till—we—get—there!" retorted Compton exhaustedly.

The pursuers were gradually losing ground, however, and a moment later they were not to be seen.

"There," he continued, "we are safe from them for a time—till they come after us in a faster machine!"

He began pedaling more regularly, when, without the slightest warning, her soft figure reeled heavily against him. It was with difficulty that he retained his hold upon the handle-bars. Her head rested wearily in the hollow of his shoulder and the wind blew tiny wisps of her hair across his face at short, intoxicating intervals.

"Are you cold?" he asked presently, but he knew that he could not aid her if she was.

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